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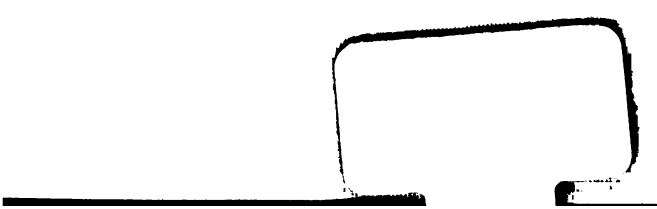
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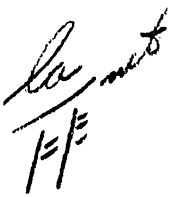
LIFE AND LIGHT

JENNIE HARRISON





AVBI



POEMS OF LIFE AND LIGHT

BY
Jane Harrison Tomkins
JENNIE HARRISON,
Author of "Doctor Will," "Roger Dunham's Choice," etc.

With an introduction by

FLOYD W. TOMKINS, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY,
1906.

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

Religious poems, or what Anna Warner called "Wayfaring Hymns," have much to do not only with a life of faith but with comfort and cheer in life. Few people realize how closely books of devotion composed largely or entirely of religious songs, are connected with Christianity in its every-day experiences. Side by side with the Bible on many a little table in the "prayer corner of the room," lies some little book of poems. Perhaps it is Randolph's "Shadow of the Rock," or "Faber's Hymns," or possibly Neale's "Hymns of the Eastern Church." Devotion sings itself, just as the great prophets sang their messages.

There are other poems which have a like part to bear in the common struggle and in the home life. Who has not gained fresh

courage from Jean Ingelow? Who has not felt the bigness of life and its beauty with Browning and Tennyson? Who has not found peace in the words of Anna Shipton or Mrs. Alexander? Such poets, the greater and the humbler alike, carry messages from the Father to His children.

I believe these poems of my loved sister will likewise bless many, and cast light on many a life. Many of them have already appeared in papers and periodicals; many are now published for the first time. They all touch the heart and carry a truth easily grasped and simply sung. I am thankful the author has consented to send them out in book form, and I know they will fill a want. May God's blessing attend them.

FLOYD W. TOMKINS,

Holy Trinity Rectory, Philadelphia,
Advent 1905.

PRAYER OF DEDICATION.

It is not much! but, Lord, I come to lay it
at Thy feet.
Thou, for Whose Sake, the least work done
grows worthy, true and sweet.
Lift Thou my little to Thy Light Divine,
and make it, so,
Fit for Thy Use, in some dark spot of this
old world below!

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POEMS OF LIFE AND LIGHT

HEART-THROBS.

Oh hearts, beat warmer, warmer!
For this earth of ours is cold;
And the chills that creep over weary souls,
And the weight of the anguish-wave that rolls,
May never all be told.

Oh hearts, beat gentler, gentler!
For the wrong is on us all;
And we may not stand in our pride, and say,
"Thy sin hath taken my love away;"—
We are each so prone to fall.

Oh hearts, beat truer, truer!
For this life of ours is sad;
And we need to cling together more,
As we tread this weary, pilgrim shore,
That our trust may make us glad.

Oh hearts, beat stronger, stronger!
For the way is long to go;
And the weak ones faint under burdens sore;
And tired souls droop on the shadeless shore;
And comfort is sweet to know!

Oh hearts, beat closer, closer!
For the days are short and few;
Soon the dear ones pass away from sight,
And the sweet eyes close in Death's dark night;
And our love on earth is through!

Oh hearts, beat higher, higher!
For our Home is fair, above.
We may not linger in ways below;
But ever, with souls raised heavenward, go
Toward the great Eternal Love!

MY WORD.

If I should speak it, friend, the word you ask —
If I should sing it, even — bringing so,
From out the settled deeps of joy or woe,
My best soul-music to complete the task —
Would any catch the drop from this life flask,
And name it 'mid the ruby wines that flow
In sparkling heart-beats, pulsing swift or slow
To measure human needs? Would any mask
Of placid smiles drop off, to show beneath
A tremble of the lip which took that word

And rang it on life's inner court, to hear
What sound of pure gold could such coin bequeath,
To make one soul the richer? Ah, sweet bird,
Sing on! God's right to me is not so clear!

GOD'S WORD.

If birds may sing it thus — the least of all
Winged with a message from the Father's throne,
And guarded by a tenderness unknown,
That not one note from the sweet cadence fall
Unmarked by Him — then surely I, who call,
And, through the darkness, hear His answ'ring tone,
May take the word — His word — no more mine own,
And bear it down the road, however small,

Which He has set for me to go. Perchance,
Some weary soul up there upon the height
Might catch the gladness of the valley song —
Though none should speak to herald its advance —
And find the word, and set the glory right,
Through His least singer singing true and strong!

A SINGER'S QUESTION.

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one, however low,
Shading cowslips as they grow?
Any tree where I may sit and sing my song,
All day long?

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one, however bare,
With no leaves to crown the hair;
Where, among the branches brown, and rough, and wide,
I may bide?

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one, however small,
In among your cedars tall,
Whence a song may go to reach some human ear,
And to cheer?

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one beneath whose shade
Little children may have strayed,
And will come again to hear a song from me?
Can it be?

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one beside the way
Where poor human hearts may stray,
Yearning just one little helpful song to know,
As they go?

Is there any tree
For me?
Any one in God's wide land,
With the impress of His hand
Showing, "This was meant for singers who can be
Such for Me"?

MAIDEN AND POET.

Poet, tell me — tell me truly — when you sing your noblest songs;
In the morning's golden sunshine, or when summer eve prolongs?

Maiden, I will tell thee truly; when the
shades of sorrow fall,
Neither sunlight fair nor starlight casting
brightness there at all!

Poet, can you sing them better by the little
brooks that run
Softly through the meadow-grasses, spark-
ling gaily in the sun?

Maiden, I can sing them better by these
bitter tears that flow —
Silent tears, oh! full of anguish that the
world may never know!

Poet, do you sing them faster, when the
little children come,
Bringing in the noise and sunlight to the
quiet of your room?

Maiden, I do sing them faster, when my
heart aches, thinking so
Of the footsteps that are silent, nevermore
to come or go!

Poet, do you sing them truer, in the stilly
forest green,
When the tree-tops softly rustle like far
angel-wings unseen?

Maiden, I do sing them truer, in the spirit's
woe and strife,
When the anguish-waves dash rudely up
against the sands of life!

Poet, do you sing them nobler, when you
tread upon the grass,
And fair women look in at you, smiling
sweetly, as they pass?

Maiden, I do sing them nobler, when I kneel
upon the floor,
And my broken words go floating upward
through the pearly door!

Poet, do you sing them sweeter, when you
hear the marriage bell,
And the vows, oh! softly spoken by two
hearts that love so well?

Maiden, I do sing them sweeter, when
I hear the anguished cry
Of two souls in bitter parting,— life's
full cup to pass them by.

Poet, can you sing them braver, with that
crown of ivy green
Which you wear upon your forehead —
token of your worth, I ween?

Maiden, I can sing them braver, with this
heavy cross I bear —
Token of the common lot which all the sons
of earth must share!

Poet,— Why, you are too sad! I cannot
choose with you to dwell;
Nay, nor learn to touch your harp, although
I like your songs so well!

Maiden, go thy way; nor wonder that the
songs thou lovest best
Are wrought out of bitter sorrow hidden in
the Poet's breast!

TRUST.

All gone! — the fairest things my heart
  Had set her hopes upon,
All sadly, one by one, depart,
  And I am left alone!
Alone! with nought to help or cheer —
No voice to bring sweet comfort near!

All smiles in which I took delight,
  While yet they beamed for me,
Have faded; and my darkest night
  Not one kind star can see!
Alone! with lips that never show
One smile to glad me as I go!

All prayers which I have, day and night,
  Poured out before my God,
Seem lost, unanswered; and no light
  Gleams from the chastening rod.
Alone! to strive and wrestle on,
Though not one prayer its meed hath won!

All hopes which I had rested on —
  The sunlight of my way —
Have withered; all their sweetness gone,
  Their beauty in decay!
Alone! no hope to light and bless
My path through earth's dark wilderness!

All hands whose touch had thrilled me so,
  Whose clasp had grown so dear,
Are closed to me; and I must go
  Uncheered, unaided here!
Alone! with not one hand to meet
Mine own in sympathy so sweet!

And yet, with empty hand and heart,
  Standing alone to-night,
From all earth's sweetness far apart —
  Shadowed from all earth's light —
I can look up with undimmed eye;
For God — my God — sits throned on high!

'Tis very dark! I cannot see
  The smile my Maker wears;

I cannot tell what waiteth me
  In answer to my prayers;
I cannot know how better far
Than all my hopes God's dealings are.

I cannot see the loving Hand
  That marks my earthly way;—
Yet *I can trust;* in that fair land
  My richest blessings stay;
And so, though earth be barren still,
I trust my God, and wait His will.

IMPERFECT.

Broken sunlight! shadows in its train!
Golden bow that cometh with the rain!
Beams of brightness, parted into flakes
Where the cloud upon the beauty breaks!

Broken songs we never may complete!
Tender strains no voice can e'er repeat!
Tuneful harmonies our lips begin,
Silenced where a sudden "hush" breaks in!

Broken hopes, built up so fair, so high,
Suddenly, in ruins, round us lie!
Dreams of beauty, ever unfulfilled!
Longings never met, yet never stilled!

Broken love! oh, sweetness incomplete!
Souls that touch, but never wholly meet!
Precious treasure, scattered round about,—
Hungry hearts that never find it out!

Broken paths, where hands may clasp no more;
Footsteps lost upon the river's shore!
Half-told stories, with an end so sweet,
Said nor heard,— forever incomplete!

Broken smiles, on which the tear-drops fall!
Laughter, with an anguish through it all!
Faces lifted up, all glad and bright,
Just to meet the bitterness and blight!

Broken prayers! oh, Father, dost thou hear?
Stammering words that utter nothing clear!
Lips that breathe out "God" with pleading sound,

While the thoughts of earth break in
around!

Broken life! poor, vain, imperfect thing!
Echoes from the infinite that ring!
Fragments washed up by the waves that
roll
From the great Beyond,—the perfect
whole!

Weary heart, be patient and be strong!
'Tis "a little while,"—not long! not long!
We shall drop these broken toys to take
Treasures that can never, never break!

AS MANY AS I LOVE.

Rev. 3:19.

As many as I love!—
The shadows fall upon our sunny hours;
Darkness and sorrow move
Amid our treasures, in our joy-built bowers;
Yet this sweet comfort ever may be ours—
As many as I love!

As many as I love!—
To human eyes God's dealings oft seem dark;
But He would only prove
The sunlight where the cloud alone we mark;
He says — if wounded souls would only hark —
As many as I love!

As many as I love!—
Oh burdened, sorrowing heart, this is for thee;—
Thy Father's hand above,
Is meting out these trials but to be
The measure of a good thou can'st not see;—
As many as I love!

As many as I love!—
Oh, earth's affections are but poor to this
Which reaches from above!
They — mortal frailties — change and fade and miss;

But this one thought gives everlasting bliss:—
'As many as I love.

As many as I love!—
These loved ones are the bearers of the cross,
Their Christian faith to prove;
All earthly gain is counted but as loss,
When God says — clearing from the dross —
As many as I love!

As many as I love!—
When life-work, pain and waiting all are o'er,
Our earth-tired feet shall move
Up golden streets on the celestial shore;
And we shall sing with saints forevermore —
As many as I love!

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while to walk this weary road;
A little way to bear this heavy load;

Then all our earthly pilgrimage shall cease,
And we shall wear the crown in perfect peace.

A little while to love with earthly love,
And then we share the "fulness" from above;
A little time of darkness and of doubt,
Then the bright home whose light shall ne'er go out.

A little toil and sadness here below;
A little time to watch and plant and sow;
Then Jesus calls his laborers away
Where everlasting joy and gladness stay.

A little while of storm and wind and rain,
And then the shining haven we shall gain;
A little time to toss on life's rough sea,
Then in that peaceful home our rest shall be.

A little while! Oh, Saviour, make us strong
To bear that little, though it oft seem long;

Guide thou our way with Thine own loving
hand,
Till we shall enter in the Promised Land!

FORTY DAYS.

ALONE, and in the wilderness,
And tempted! He, whose life had never
known
The faintest thought of sin; who left his
home
'Mid angel ministers, to live on earth,
To suffer, to endure all shame and woe,
To fast for forty days, and then, with our
Weak human nature on Him, to feel want;
All this for us!

And we? with our whole life
Shrouded in guilt, and no hope for us, save
In this atoning Jesus — shall not we
Turn sometimes from the world, and, shut-
ting out
Its cares and pleasures, give our thoughts
to Him?

Hath He not clothed with beauty this fair
earth
Of ours? and doth He not, each day, deal
out
Some sweetness from His loving hand, to
glad
Our lives? and oh! can we not give to Him,
Sometimes, our forty days? Can we not
draw
Aside, a little while, from these fair joys
Of earth, and rest our souls within the
shade
Of His great suffering; and looking so
Upon this Saviour's love and sacrifice,
Receive new strength to bear our lighter
cross,
And stay our weary hearts, for peace, on
Him
Who was "in all points tempted like as we,
Yet without sin?"

Lord, make this "forty days"
A blessed season! Bring us near to thee;

Refresh us from thy fulness; make the world
Grow less, and Heaven more, to us; and when
Our earthly life is over, call us home
To spend with thee one everlasting day!

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

When the dear Church, in solemn round, brings back
The blessed fast — the sacred "forty days"—
We lift our eyes, as in a troubled maze,
With sunlight gone, to find our feet the track
The Master left;— Our hearts, we say, not slack,
If only they might know the chosen ways
In which to serve Him. Dim, out-reaching gaze!
Why look we not within? Is there no lack?
No silent service for His eye alone?

No spot whose darkness only He hath
known?
No gilded earth-weight, holding fast our
love
From the pierc'd hands still pleading there
above?
The work is here — the way, the need, most
sure —
Dear Saviour, give us courage to endure!

HOLY WEEK.

Darker, darker, grows the shade;
Wondrous shade, so sad and calm!
Sweetest shadow ever made,
Mingling sorrow, rest, and balm.

Farther, farther, grows the world,
Dimming off from mortal sight;
All its radiant banners furled,
Paling all its glories bright!

Fainter, fainter, grows the thought
Of each human fret and care;

One great grief our peace hath wrought;
  One great woe we all may share.

Nearer, nearer, hand in hand,
  Press we down the darksome way;
Leaving all the upper land,
  With its lavish light of day.

Closer, closer, comes the Cross,
  Shining on the darkened air;
All things else seem worthless dross,
  As we kneel us, sorrowing, there!

EASTER MORNING.

Far o'er the distant mountain-tops,
  A radiant light unfolds;
The tiniest flower-cup nestling there,
  Its tinge of glory holds.
The watcher thro' the weary night,
  Looks up, with prayerful eyes;—
And, lo! the shadows roll away,
  'Neath Resurrection skies!

A Message from the Open Tomb
  Thrills all the list'ning earth;—
Death's reign is ended! — night is o'er!
  A New Life springs to birth.
Love's Miracle has swept away
  The barriers from the soul!
Christ walks beside us! — and we need
  No hand the "stone" to "roll"!

Oh, little birds, and blossoms fair,
  Bright heralds of the Spring,—
About our loved ones' sepulchres,
  Your sweet assurance bring!
For them,— for us,— *there is no death,*—
  But *Life,* forevermore!
Through this low gateway, sanctified
  By Him Who passed before.

Oh Easter bells, ring tenderly!
  You ring the Master's Word;—
The sweetest note of victory
  Earth's warriors ever heard!
"Peace be to you!"—"Because I live,
  Ye shall live also!" — Ring,

'Till ev'ry prisoned soul shall rise,
And find The Christ — its King!

VICTORY.

Out of the shadow of death and the grave,
Jesus our Saviour hath come,
Bright in His glory, and mighty to save,
Free from the taint of the tomb!
Robes of humanity, sanctified so,
Worn in His pitying love,
Drop all their weight of earth-weakness and woe,
Jesus ascendeth above.

CHORUS.

Victory! Victory! won for us all!
Let the glad tidings resound;
Jesus is risen! His trumpet shall call.
Life and salvation are found.

Out of the shadow of winter's long night,
Earth comes in gladness to-day!

Clad in the garments of spring-time and light,
Scattering doubt and dismay.
Beautiful story, that never grows old,
Pledge from our conquering Lord,
Earth is redeemed from its darkness and cold,
Easter hath come at His word.

CHORUS.

Out of the shadow of weakness and fear,
Let us arise, then, to-day!
Jesus hath called us; our Easter is here!
Why should we doubt and delay?
Here is the path that our Conqueror trod,
Bright with His blessing of peace;
These are His blossoms that spring from the sod,
Telling of hope and release.

CHORUS.

SOFT THE SOLEMN DAWN-LIGHT GRAY.

(An Easter Carol.)

Soft the solemn dawn-light gray
Broke upon the world that day:
Day of days, whose light divine
Thro' th' unsealed grave doth shine!

CHORUS.

Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Christ, who died, the world to save,
Christ is risen from the grave!
Christ is risen from the grave!

While the world, with Mary, stood
Seeking for the promised good,
Lo! 'twas theirs! "The LORD is risen!"
Spake the Angel-guard from heaven.
Chorus: Alleluia!

Still, when GOD'S sure Word doth bring
That sweet life from death, in Spring,

To His Church the Angel voice
Speaking, bids each soul rejoice.
Chorus: Alleluia!

"Very early," oh, my soul,
Ere the day's full glories roll,
At His Altar, bending low,
There the LORD's memorial show.
Chorus: Alleluia!

Then, with risen birds and flowers,
Thou may'st hail the Easter hours;
And, with all the Host of Heaven,
Join in singing—"CHRIST is risen!"
Chorus: Alleluia!

Yea, the LORD is risen indeed!
Man from chains of death is freed!
Weeping ones, smile o'er your graves!
CHRIST is by your side, Who saves!
Chorus: Alleluia!

Bring sweet Easter blossoms fair!
Fill GOD's Church with off'rings rare:

Here Life's Risen Master stands,
Blessing us with piercéd Hands!
Chorus: Alleluia!

EASTER DAY.

Lo! the earth is waking
To a glad, new Day!
Wondrous light is breaking,
Night has fled away!
Morn, with dew-drops on her brow,
Brings a gracious message now,
Tells the Story of the Spring—
Life from Death is blossoming!

Happy birds are singing
In the sunlit air;
Blossoms pure are bringing
Perfume everywhere!
All the Story now complete,
Bird and blossom will repeat;
Winter's gloom hath passed away,
Spring hath brought us Easter Day!

Yea, the world is standing
By an empty tomb;
And a Voice, commanding,
Clears away the gloom.
This is He whom men denied;
Whom they scorned and crucified.
Lo! the stone is rolled away!
CHRIST the LORD hath risen to-day.

Oh, the wondrous morning
Floods the earth with light,
Everywhere adorning
With its promise bright!
Every life seems clothed anew
In the Resurrection hue;
Hope replies to every need —
"CHRIST the LORD is risen, indeed!"

Yea, the LORD is risen!
And the grave shall be
Nevermore a prison;
CHRIST hath set it free!
Therefore, sing, oh ransomed souls!
As the Easter glory rolls

Upward, from the solemn night,
Bearing life, on beams of light!

While the Easter glory
Makes the world so fair —
While this wondrous Story
Echoes everywhere —
Let us from that empty grave,
Follow Him, Who died to save;
Keep the Feast in truth and love,
Seek "those things which are above!"

Our glad Easter keeping,
Let us, too, arise!
Turn from sin and sleeping,
Press toward the prize!
He who died and rose again,
Is the gracious Friend of men.
Lenten shades may fall awhile;
Easter sunshine is His Smile!

THE TOKEN.

No gleam of banners on the far-off hills;
No glitt'ring-crested herald, riding swift,

To show through dreary clouds the golden
rift,
And speak to waiting souls a word that fills
The measure of each need, to heal all ills,
And from sad hearts the weary weight to
lift.
No trumpet to prelude the royal gift;
No strong, sure Voice, which through the
darkness thrills.

Yet lo! the token! from the wintry earth
Upspringing, mute and white! A lowly leaf
To bear the message of the world's new
birth,
And flash a smile o'er all its furrowed grief!
One blossom, with its promise from the
skies:
"I conquered death: ye too, some day, shall
rise."

COMING!

Coming! so surely, so surely!
I hear the soft footstep afar,

Through all the loud voice of the tempest,
And fierce winds that battle and jar.

Coming! I know it, I know it!
I catch the faint gleam on the air;
The flash of her robe on the mountains,
The shine of her sun-gilded hair.

Coming! no matter, no matter,
If one seem to reign in her place;
I watch through the barren old tree-tops,
To catch the first smile of her face.

Coming! yes, nearer and nearer
The touch of her delicate breath
Steals o'er the dull pulses of Nature,
To bring a new life out of death.

Coming! no falter, no failure!
The word of the Lord standeth sure;
Oh, hearts that are weary with waiting,
Look up and be glad and endure.

A UNIVERSAL SONG.

Everywhere — everywhere —
Over the earth, in the sky and air —

This wonderful charm, this nameless thing,
Which stirs with the pulse of the tender
spring.

Sweet refrain — sweet refrain —
Over and over — again — again!
The robin sings it from every tree,
Repeating his story to you and me.

Bending low — bending low —
Buttercups, swinging them to and fro,
Are softly saying it o'er and o'er,
All "golden-mouthed," like the teacher of
yore!

Whispering — whispering —
Low through the grasses the breezes sing;
The swift cloud-shadows go sailing by;
Word answers to word in the earth and sky.

Far above — far above —
With stately rustle the tree-tops move;
And never a bird but knows full well
The story the tiniest leaf can tell!

Who has heard — who has heard —
Sweeter than song of breeze or of bird —
The thought of the heart, O still, so still!
And the glad life-pulse, with its strange, new thrill?

Everywhere — everywhere —
This song of spring, with its cadence rare;
This wondrous sweetness, with hush between;
But *the heart* can sing it the best, I ween!

SINGING THROUGH ALL.

Little birds, would ye have thought
I should bow this heart to you?
This proud heart, and have it taught,
By the sweetness, ye have wrought,
Lessons good and true?

Little birds, the March wind blew,
And the air was drear and chill;
Gloomy clouds were all in view,
Scarce a sunbeam flickered through,—
Yet ye sang on still!

Little birds, ye have come home
With your voices sweet and glad;
Though the spring-time lingers some,
And the dark days yet will come,
Ye are never sad!

Little birds, my heart was drear
As I wandered out to-day;—
Then I heard you singing near,
And ye filled me with your cheer,
Chased my gloom away.

Little birds, if ye can sing
Still with clouds and shadows round,
Can *I* not some sweetness bring,
Though earth-shades about me cling,
And no light is found?

Little birds, the way is long,
And the winds blow drear and chill;
Yet I listen to your song,
And my faithless heart grows strong,
Moulded to God's will.

Little birds, though dark the days,
I shall hear your voices call;

Listening to your joyous lays,
I can walk earth's weary ways,
Singing through them all.

MISTAKEN.

A sound came through my blossom-trees,
As I sat in my garden fair;
It was not the gentle summer breeze,
For it shook, oh, my branches bare!
And I said, as I wept on the whitened ground,
"Oh, the voice of a grief hath an awful sound!"

Then words came on the troubled air:
"Oh, my child, wilt thou lift thy face?
Thou canst see heaven better through branches bare;
For thy blossoms may hide the place."
And I stayed my tears,— looking up to rejoice,—
For the sound I called grief, was only *God's Voice!*

A shade came o'er my sunlight fair,
As I stood in its warmth, one day;
It was not a swift cloud passing there,
For it darkened the whole bright way.
And I said, as I chilled in the gloom thus made,
"Oh, the presence of woe brings an awful shade!"

Then, through the dark, One spake to me:
"Oh, my child, wilt thou lift thine eyes?
In the dazzling light thou canst not see
Far above, to the calm, blue skies."
And I looked up, glad, in the cool, dark air;
For the shade I called woe, was *God's Hand* raised there!

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

An answer to Mr. E. C. Stedman's poem, "The Undiscovered Country."

"Who would not go,"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessèd portal
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness, with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure —
The Crucified, the Lord, the Everliving —
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming —
"Eye hath not seen" — no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command —
His opening hand!

Oh, dear ones there,
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,

We come, ere long, your blessèd home to
share;
We take the guiding Hand, we trust it
only —
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air
That land so fair!

COMPENSATION.

Little bird! little bird! singing in the leafy
tree,
Hast thou heard, hast thou heard my heart
question thee?
When the pretty branch is broken
Where thy nest was softly laid,
When the loud storm-voice hath spoken,
And thy sheltered home betrayed,—
Little bird, oh tell me truly;— sing it to me
from the bough,—
When such desolation cometh, little bird,
what doest thou?

Troubled heart! troubled heart! questioning
beneath my tree,

I impart, I impart knowledge unto thee!
On this earth are forests many,
All for little birds like me;
If, among their branches, any
Faileth my support to be,—
Troubled heart, I tell thee truly, I look up,
and sing, and see
Where the sun doth shine to show me,
troubled heart, *another tree!*

Dew-drop small! dew-drop small! sparkling
on the blossom fair,
Hear my call! hear my call! answer my
despair!
When the blossom thou hast nourished
Bendeth to the kissing breeze,
And thy form, no longer cherished,
Tosseth down with careless ease,—
Dew-drop small, oh tell me truly; — flash it
from thy diamond brow,—
When such faithlessness is proved thee,
dew-drop small, what doest thou?

Wounded heart! wounded heart! speaking
mournfully to me,
I impart, I impart healing unto thee!
If the blossom slight my sweetness,
I can lie among the grass;
Shining there in all completeness,
Though some miss me as they pass.
Wounded heart, I tell thee truly, *something*
needeth my small care;—
If the blossom doth refuse me, wounded
heart, I go elsewhere!

Busy bee! busy bee! humming 'mid the gar-
den sweet,
Answer me! answer me! hear my heart en-
treat!
When the first flower of the morning
Tempteth thee with open cup,—
Dew and sunlight fair adorning,—
Yet doth yield no fragrance up;—
Busy bee, oh tell me truly,— waft it on thy
sweet breath now,—
When such early hope hath failed thee, busy
bee, what doest thou?

Doubting heart! doubting heart! sighing in
earth's garden free,
I impart, I impart comfort unto thee!
If the flower that bloometh early,—
Wooing me with look so fair
On its rosy lips dew pearly,—
Yield no sweetness for my care,
Doubting heart, I tell thee truly,—day is
long, and I can wait,
Other flowers will bring me honey, doubting
heart, though blooming late!

Merry brook! merry brook! flowing thro'
the meadow-land,
Upward look! upward look! hear my heart's
demand!
When no rain from Heaven falleth,
And thy fountain sinketh low;
When thy parched lip vainly calleth
To the clouds that heedless go,
Merry brook, oh tell me truly,—write it on
thy rippled brow,—
When such thirst upon thee cometh, merry
brook, what doest thou?

Longing heart! longing heart! yearning
with intensity,
I impart, I impart blessing unto thee!
If the rain in Heaven tarry,
Dew still falleth with the night,
Though the clouds no moisture carry,
And the fierce sun burneth bright.
Longing heart, I tell thee truly,— when no
showers my fount renew,
I am thankful still for finding, longing
heart, *some drops of dew!*

* * * * * *

Oh, my heart! oh, my heart! go forget thy
human pride;
Bid depart! bid depart all thy learning wide!
For the weakest of earth's creatures
Hath a voice to make thee wise!
Chase the sorrow from thy features!
Clear the weeping from thine eyes!
Oh, my heart, go learn thee truly, life is
never wholly vain;
Somewhat, after all thy losses, oh, my heart,
doth still remain!

HILL AND VALLEY.

I can look down in the valley,
From my hill-top far and fair;
At my heart I smile for asking
Ever, "Here, or there?"
And I wonder at the question,
Stepping o'er my favored height;
Surely, heart, no longest seeking
Finds a fairer sight!

Here is summer stillness, broken
Only by the song of birds;
And the air seems breathing, softly,
Noble poet-words.
There the noise of little children
Breaks upon the sunlit air,
And the mothers listen, smiling —
Do they think it fair?

Here are gardens rich and stately,
Blossoms sweet and royal-rare;
Not a touch to mar their beauty,
Brightening all the air!

There the flowers that blossom wildly
Nestle low amid the grass;
And the maidens stoop to pluck them,
Singing, as they pass.

Here the sunset-glory lingers
Radiant on the stately domes;
There the tree-tops bend to shadow
Lowly cottage homes.
Here the mountain splendor glitters
Close and grand, by night or day;
There the soft, low grasses border
All the common way.

I can look down in the valley,
From my hill-top, lone and grand:
Surely, heart, no fairer summit
Smiles in all the land!
And I wonder at the question,
Standing 'mid the glory rare;
Wonder at my heart for asking
Ever, "Here, or there?"

NONE OTHER NAME.

"For there is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Oh, tender, loving heart,
Whereon are written dear and precious names,—
Sweet ties which earthly friendship fondly claims,—
These all may have their part:
But thou must write above all others there,
Jesus —"none other name" so wondrous fair!

Thou weary, longing heart!
Yearning for some to cheer thee here below,
Mourning for joys thou ne'er again shalt know,
That name bids care depart!
Thou wilt not find thy comfort, seeking here,

"None other name" can hush each trembling fear!

Thou joyous, merry heart!
Earth's sweetness will not always last for thee;
Dark clouds will come and bid the sunshine flee,
All earthly joys depart.
And thou must look beyond to higher things;
"None other name" true joy and gladness brings!

Oh, burdened, sinful heart!
Heavy with woe, bowed down with guilt and fear,
Salvation waits for thee, but only here!
From all else thou must part,
And come the promised blessing here to claim,
To Jesus —"for there is none other name!"

Oh, world of needy hearts!
Why will ye ever seek where naught is found?
Why ache and yearn when such sweet things abound?
This Name all grace imparts;
All love, all joy, all mercy soundeth here —
"None other name" so great, so rich, so dear!

FOR THE PAST.

If all the hands that have clasped mine own
Had ceased from their tender hold;
If all eyes whose love-light I have known
Were averted now, and cold;

If every voice that has thrilled mine ear,
Had changed in its fondest tone;
If every heart that has brought good cheer,
Were turned away from mine own;

If every step that has come to me
Over the Summer's soft grass,

Had chosen another way more free,
And I sat to hear it pass;

If every soul that has leaned to mine,
With its kindling touch so dear,
Had dropped the cup with its rare, sweet wine,
And left me athirsty here;—

I still would say — looking up to God —
"I thank Thee for *all* the *Past;*
For the joys that lie beneath the sod,
For the bliss that could not last.

WHEN?

Rest when the autumn leaves have ceased to fall,
Rest when the soul obeys its Maker's call,
Rest when the great life-work of each is done;
Rest, lasting rest, beyond this setting sun.

Joy when the flowers we love have ceased to fade,

Joy when the spirit's home in heaven is made,
Joy when the loved ones leave us nevermore;
Joy, lasting joy, upon that brighter shore.

Peace when the storms of earth have ceased to blow,
Peace when the longing soul its God shall know,
Peace when the aching heart lays down its cross;
Peace, lasting peace, and gain for every loss.

Light when the clouds of earth have passed away,
Light when there dawns the everlasting day,
Light when the shades of sin and woe are done;
Light, glorious light, that needs nor moon nor sun.

Love when our doubts and fears no more
shall grieve,
Love when the soul its fulness shall receive,
Love when the dear redeemed walk hand in
hand;
Love, changeless love, in heaven's eternal
land.

GIRLS.

Do you know how I pity you, girls,— poor
girls?
There! do not come near, in surprise;
I should drop all these tears on your fair,
sunny curls,—
These tears that are dimming mine eyes!
Oh, if I could weep them a thousand times
more,
And keep *your* glad cheeks all unwet,
I would take all the pain back, of days that
are o'er,
And joy in the task I had set!

Do you know how I pity you, girls,— poor
girls?

You,— there in the soft, waving grass,—
With the stems of your dandelions stripped
into "curls,"
And tossed on the breezes that pass?
Ah! *the roses* will grow, bye and bye, in
your way;
You will trample the meek, yellow flow-
ers;
But you never will laugh as you're laugh-
ing to-day,
Nor play away, careless, such hours!

Do you know how I pity you, girls,— poor
girls?
Ah, yes, I can mark all your way!
You will string on your life-thread the beau-
tiful pearls,
And dream your best dreams in the day!
You will look in the future,— an hour's
length,— and cry,
"Oh, glorious time that shall be!"
You will smile at the stars coming out on
the sky,—
"Oh, brighter my visions to me!"

Do you know how I pity you, girls,— poor girls?
Ah, gaily the colors will glow
On the banners your maidenhood proudly unfurls,
While stepping to music you go!
You will have, oh, some thoughts all too tender and sweet
To whisper to any one near;
They will sing in your heart, with their blissful repeat,
Till *one* comes, most worthy to hear!

Do you know how I pity you, girls,— poor girls?
Oh, you will be *women,* some day!
And the crowns that now nestle so light in your curls
Will wither and vanish away!
You will wash the fair colors of life with your tears;
Your lips will make *prayers* more than *songs;*

You will sigh, looking back at the beautiful years
Where all your girl-glory belongs!
And *for that* do I pity you, girls,— poor girls!—
Yet why should I tell you it all?
Will not He, whose fair sunlight now shines in your curls,
Be near, at your womanhood's call?
And His Hand, that wreathes, thornless, pure maidenhood's crown,
In love will send, also, the cross;
He will give a new grace for each sweetness laid down,
And gain that shall follow each loss!

GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

Do you see the fair height, oh my sisters,
Far up in the radiant air?
And the maidens who stand there all proudly,
With touches of gold in their hair?

You are going up there, oh, my sisters,
To revel in sunlight and flowers?
To walk where each footfall is music,
To sing in the beautiful bowers?

I have been on the height, oh, my sisters!
I breathed in the radiant air!
And he who went up there to find me,
Saw sunlight of gold in my hair!

I was proud on the height, oh, my sisters!
I looked upon him who came there,
And I answered him "Yes, I will love you,
If you such a glory would wear!"

And then, I was glad, oh, my sisters!
So glad,—but so proud, all the while!
To stand with him there in the sunlight,
And see how he watched for my smile.

My heart was so light, oh, my sisters!
I thought to be loved was so sweet!
I thought it so grand, too, to love him
Whose manhood knelt down at my feet.

But I have come down, oh, my sisters,—
  Come down from the radiant air!
And I stand here below very humbly;—
  I cannot go back, ever, there.

A woman am I, oh, my sisters!
  My maidenhood's left on the height:
There, too, are the crowns worn so gaily,
  And the pride of the heart so light!

My dreams become life, oh, my sisters;
  My fancies to longings are turned;
And the love that I yielded so proudly,
  Like fire in my being hath burned!

There are tresses of hair, oh, my sisters,
  Whose touch dims the thought of "fine
    gold";
There are hands whose least pressure would
    linger,
  Tho' angels should pause in their hold.

And the voice that I heard, oh, my sisters,
  First calling me, up there on high,
Hath become the one note of my being!—
  I must live on its music — *or die.*

And sometimes, I think, oh, my sisters,
I would like to be girlish, once more,
This womanhood's crown is so heavy!
Not like the gay maiden's I wore.

Yet I would not go back, oh, my sisters,
To wear the light crown, free of care.
I only pray God that the worship
I owe *Him* no human may share!

* * * * *

You are going up there, oh, my sisters?
I watch you, with tears in mine eyes.
For I see where,— beyond the girl-glory, —
The lot of your womanhood lies.

Yet why am I sad, oh, my sisters?
God marks ev'ry step of the way.
And whether on hill-top or valley,
His Hand holds our own day by day.

ON THE MOUNT.

Oh, gracious, heavenly Hand!
That, reaching down, hath met and clasped
mine own,

And, leading me by ways I have not known,
Hath brought me so to stand
Upon this height, to breathe the fragrant air,
And drink the joy of things so good and fair!

Oh, wise and tender Hand!
That led me,—not through bright and easy ways,—
But in rough paths, on dark and cloudy days,—
To make more sweetly grand
This coming forth to light and peace at last,
This perfect *Now*, outweighing all the Past!

Oh, patient, loving Hand!
That hath not left me once through all the way;
While I grew faithless, doubtful at delay,
Crying, "A weary land!"
Struggling against that tender clasp and strong,

That gentle Hand which bears with us so long!

Oh, bountiful, rich Hand!
That, having led me to this fair earth-height,
Doth spread thy blessings out before my sight,
Filling my heart's demand;
'Till all the shadowy past seems flooded o'er
And lost in this full sunlight evermore!

Dear, gracious Father-hand,
Close, close, I pray thee, clasp my weak one still,
Lest, roaming on this bright and flow'ry hill
And viewing this fair land,
I should forget my Guide, self-trustful be,
And miss my highest joy,— *the thought of Thee!*

And if, oh righteous Hand,
Dark valleys lie beneath, where I must go;

If these fair joys I may not always know,
Nor on this mountain stand;—
Hold thou me still; and give me faith to say,
"Thy way is best,— it leads to endless day."

WORLD'S HELP.

The world is brighter for women fair,
For the tender eyes and the flowing hair,
With its glory rare;
For the ripe-red lips that can smile and sing;
For the touch of grace on each lowliest thing,
Like the breath of spring.

The world is better for women brave,
Who stand with the Master, strong to save,
By each sin-wrought grave.
Who walk with their tender feet the way
That is weary and rugged, day by day,
For a torn soul's stay.

The world is nobler for women true,
Who carry the freshness of morning's dew
At the noon's high hue;
Who see, with their clear soul-vision, far
To the glory that shines where no time can mar,
Like the changeless star.

The world is stronger for women pure,
Who shine in their sphere, serene and sure
From all false allure;
Whose snowy palms are not shamed to fold
Over hands that are rough and stained and cold,
With a saving hold.

"I WILL GO."

(Genesis 24: 58.)

"I will go!" Yes, leaving all—
All the life that erst I knew;
Former loves, or great or small,
Centred in this one I view;

Leaving all, I love thee so,
With thee, chosen, I will go.

I will go — from girlhood here,
  Sunny with its home-born love,
Into woman's higher sphere,
  Where the lights and shadows move;
All life's cares I then shall know,
Yet, I answer, I will go.

I will go — to bless thy way,
  Cheer thee with a gentle voice,
Make thee happy every day,
  In thy lightest smile rejoice;
All thy cares and joys to know
As mine own — yes, I will go.

I will go — to walk with thee
  On the rugged path of life;
I will try a help to be,
  Sharing with thee in the strife;
I will never leave thee — no —
Till God calls me — I will go.

I will go — stand at thy side,
In the sunshine, in the shade;
I will let no cloud divide
This one life our two have made;
Nobler, stronger, love shall grow,
Reaching heavenward — I will go.

"LAST, AN AMETHYST."

FIRST, thoughts that shone like "Jasper," many-hued,
And days with all the crystal light imbued;
Next, cloudless skies, like "Sapphire," clear and fair,
And hope in glowing letters graven there;—
Then, drops of sweetness, thirsty lips anear,
In cups of "Chalcedony" shining clear;
Then, looking forth to future days that stood
In "Emerald" beauty, fresh and glad and good.

Next, hopes and prayers commingling day
and night,
Like "Sardonyx," in glowing red and white;
Then perfect knowledge, sweet confession —
love!
A radiant "Sardius," tinted from above;
And then, through "Chrysolite," transparent clear,
All "sweet uncertainties" in truth appear;
And every doubt and each misgiving goes;
Like to a "Beryl," new the whole Past glows!
Next, precious words, with sweet half-glances cast;
Like "Topaz" tinged with rays that may not last;
Then, blissful day melting to golden night —
"Chrysoprasus," in colors fair and bright.
Next, perfect oneness — parted joys all o'er —
"Jacinth," to keep the heat from, evermore.

"And last — an "Amethyst," placed here
and worn;
Sweet, final touch, this compact to adorn!

Oh, tender purple, let thy beauty shine,
Lighting this hand which now I clasp in
mine;

This hand which I shall clasp so evermore,
Till angels reach one from the farther shore!

Oh, Hand divine! rest on ours, so, I pray,
And guide us onward in thy perfect way,

To where that Home's foundations fair
exist
Of precious stones — the last, "An Ame-
thyst!"

UNCHANGING.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."— Prov. xxxi: 12.

She will take up her life, with its beautiful
gems;

The love, and the trust, and the truth,—
The beauty, the goodness which no man condemns,
The radiant dew of her youth;
She will lay the rich gift as a crown on his brow,
Who hath bound her to him by the sweet, solemn vow.

She will bring all the treasures her girlhood's glad years
Had gathered and garnered away;
Her hopes and her thoughts, without trembling or fears,
All these on that altar to lay;
She will not look back, knowing woman's sure lot,—
All her past in his future then lost and forgot.

She will smile on him ever, with woman's brave smile,
In light or in darkness the same;

No care shall annoy him, that she can beguile,
No sorrow that she cannot claim;
She will keep her sweet sunlight undimmed for him still,
And her fair flowers blooming through earth's change and chill.

She will speak to him ever with tenderest word,
With music of love in her tone;
No change in her accents of cheer will be heard,
For times of prosperity flown;
Unwearied, unfaltering, day after day,
A voice that can counsel and comfort and pray!

She will lift up the poor, common duties of life,
And color them all with her love,
Till the care and the toil and the wearying strife
Shall glow like the rainbow above.

She will sweeten all things with her own tender grace,
Till the lowliest home be a radiant place.

She will hold in her touch all the balm of the earth,
To soothe him in sorrow and pain,
To bring him reward that his labors are worth,
To urge him to effort again;
She will stand by his side, with her hand in his own,
'Till the call of the Master leaves one of them lone.

DAY BY DAY.

The day grows old. Long since the morning's dew
And freshness vanished, as the fervid sun
Rose o'er the vineyard. Slowly, one by one,
The laborers are going; and anew
The sweet home-lights are twinkling into view.

The Master sitteth at the gate; and none
Can tell! His hand records each labor done;
And life's dull hum strikes music through the blue!
I wonder if my hands to-day have wrought
One thread of beauty for the Master's Eye,
And if my life to-day, has echoed aught
Of harmony, to reach the throne on high?
Take courage, soul! these little days of thine,
Like gems in God's eternity may shine!

A SOUL'S WONDER.

When I recount life's insufficiency—
The many ills that weary human souls;
The sudden wave which from the darkness rolls
O'er all our sunlit sands and shining sea;
The fretting chains that tell we are not free;
The sad-voiced bell which through our singing tolls;
The silent woe that no near heart condoles—

I wonder, thinking of eternity
In that far land of bliss, if it can give
Full measure for the loss and pain of earth;
If there each soul shall find full life to live,
Outreaching strongly in a glad, new birth.
I wonder! Hope is dim, the way is long;
Lord, strike some chord of faith through this low song!

THROUGH SILENCE.

If I should speak a name with anguished cry,
Some human name, familiar by the love
Which, through long years, has sought itself to prove,
Perchance the owner, standing calmly nigh,
With tender care and ever-watchful eye,
Might hear the sound, just reaching him, above
The din of earthly voices, as it strove,
In bitter need, to pass the sweetest by.

Perchance, I say! Oh God, who seemest
far,
There is no need to speak Thy name at all!
Our mute white lips, that cannot say the
word,
Cry loudly unto Thee, through all the jar
Of worlds. No sound of even tears that
fall!
And yet we know — we know that Thou
hast heard!

ALWAYS WHITE.

Eccl. ix: 8.

Earthly pilgrim, hearest thou?
In thy journey here below,
With the care-marks on thy brow,
And the cross that tires thee so,
Thou must keep thine armor bright,
And thy garments "*always white.*"

How can we upon this way,
Narrow, full of dust and thorn,

Where the storm and terror stay,
And the shadows dim the morn,
How can we e'er walk aright,
Keeping garments "always white?"

We can never make them so,
In our weakness and our want,
But a higher Power we know
Every needful grace will grant.
He will lead our feet aright,
Make our garments "always white."

Are our robes all stained with sin?
There's a fount of endless cure,
We may freely wash therein,
Every spot be cleansed and pure.
Jesus points us to the sight —
Robes washed there are "always white."

In the narrow, thorny way,
Through the dust, and storm, and woe,
Jesus ever near will stay,
Help us as we onward go;
And at last, in heaven's own light,
Give us garments "always white."

HARVEST.

After the sowing-time of tears
  Cometh the harvest of joy;
After the toils, the cares and fears,
After the hope that dimly cheers,
  Bright reapings our hands employ.

After the thorns that wound us so
  Cometh the fragrant flower;
After the cross we bear below,
After the clouds that hover low,
  Dawneth the glad reaping hour.

After the long and weary way
  Cometh the heavenly rest;
After the saddened pilgrim-stay,
After the toil and heat of day,
  Waiteth the home of the blest.

After the watchings and the prayers
  Cometh the harvest's Lord;
After the faith, and works, and cares,

After the temptings and the snares,
Waiteth the blissful reward.

After the life-work here is through
Cometh the reaping above;
After the shades that dim our view,
After the earth-joys, faint and few,
Reach we the heavenly Love.

NOT NOW.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

We walk on, vainly seeking light
To make our shadowed path more bright;
But God's voice says, "Not now!"
A little longer we must move,
Trusting His everlasting love,
With faith's unclouded brow.

Our hands stretch out with strong desire
To grasp at something truer, higher;
We only feel the touch

Of God's hand closing on our own,
He saying, "All I will is known;
Be satisfied with such."

Our sweet flowers fade, our dear ones die,
We look up tearful, pleading "*why?*"
But God's voice says, "Not now!"
A little longer we must stay
Within the cloud that shades our way;
Our will to His must bow.

Not now, my heart! it may not be;
We cannot through God's dealings see
With these sin-darkened eyes.
"Hereafter" we shall know what here
Hath wakened many a trembling tear,
Was only good and wise.

All we can know is God's great love
Marking our life-path from above,
And doing all things well;
Here let us rest; we need no more,
Till, gathered on that brighter shore,
The song of praise we swell.

HERE AND THERE.

No quiet here!
But far above, in regions of the blest,
The weary soul shall find its lasting rest:
There's quiet *there!*
In that far Home beyond this toilsome clime,
A calm and holy quiet, through all time.

No gladness here!
But in that wondrous home to which we go,
Eternal joys through endless ages flow:
There's gladness *there:*—
And when this cloud of earth has passed away,
We shall go in to share eternal day.

No sunshine here!
The shadows always hover close around;
But, oh, above! such radiant beams abound;
There's sunshine *there,*
Where He, the "Son of Righteousness" doth shine,
And earth-worn souls rejoice in light divine.

No goodness here!
Sin has so many snares for our weak hearts;
But from that Home all sinfulness departs.
There's goodness there,
Shed from the "fulness" of the Holy One;
And robes of righteousness from Christ the Son.

No treasure here!
Nothing that we can claim with perfect trust,
But wealth is *there* that time can never rust;
There's treasure there,—
Laid up by that same Father's loving hand,
Who gently leads us toward that "Better Land."

ANSWERED.

O beautiful stars that shine to-night
So fair on the darkened sky,
I need no more that your constant light
Should teach my faith to be calm and bright,
As the days of life go by.

I have cast up all the years to-night; —
I know that my God is true!
The prayers I have prayed with tear-dimmed sight,
With feeble faith that could find no light,
Stand star-like now to view.

And side by side with each feeble prayer,
The glorious answer beams;
Rich, marvelous in its fulness there! —
I know He hath made my cause His care,
As I mark the radiant gleams.

Answered! — O feet on the narrow way,
That long I have watched for there, —
Your steps sound back to my heart, and say
"*Answered!* O doubtful at God's delay! —
Answered each long-ago prayer!"

Answered! — O sweet, sweet blossoms and fair,
Whose fragrance is round me now! —
I mind me of seed, of dark ground bare,
Of doubting heart and of pleading prayer: —
Answered! — O flower-crowned brow!

Answered! — O hearts that come back to me
With your childhood's pureness still;
From the great world's snares and vices free,
I mind me of tears,— of bended knee! —
O blessings my cup that fill!

Answered! — O pitying midnight air,
That hath borne my anguished cry;
Bear now from my soul glad praises there
To Him who hath answered all my prayer,
As the changeful years went by!

O beautiful stars that shine to-night
The same as in years gone by!
Your Maker's my God; — through dark and light
I'll trust Him — I know His way is right!
He hath answered all my cry!

JUNE.

The Gracious Master,— loving mortals so —
Desired some gift in Nature to bestow —

A gift that should surpass all others here; —
A diamond to gem the circling year! —
With tender Hand, He culled from day and night,
The fairest graces, — leaving all still bright; —
From ev'ry Season gathered rarest joy, —
With bounty measureless, did all employ,
And into one rich jewel moulded these;
While angel-watchers swept a heavenly breeze
Of melody, to speed the wondrous boon,
And God sent to His earthly children —
JUNE!

ABANDON.

Just for gladness! just for gladness!
Sing the little birds to-day —
Sing their merry roundelay —
Dropping not a note of sadness
Down upon our human way.

Just for pleasure! just for pleasure!
Bud and blossom seek the light;
Lift their glowing faces bright,
Smiling, glad to add their treasure
To the joy of mortal sight.

Just for sweetness! just for sweetness!
Breathes the soft and perfumed air;
Breathes its cadence low and rare;
Rounding into calm completeness
Summer day so royal fair.

Just for beauty! just for beauty!
Shine the hills so far and fair;
Gleam across the radiant air,
Sentinels that smile in duty,
'Neath the cloud-wrought crowns they wear.

Just for blessing! just for blessing!
Sits my soul amid it all;
Drops her cares and burdens small;
Feels the touch of mute caressing,
Soft in benediction fall.

AT THE SEASHORE.

"The whole multitude was by the sea."—St. Mark, 4:1.

Down by the sea, in the summer time,
Manhood, strong in its kingly prime,
Youth and Age and Childhood gay;
Maidens fair as the sunlit day,
Women whose tender hands can mould
Brightest links for the strongest hold;—
All God's people, so great and free,
What are they doing, down by the sea?

Down by the sea, do they hear *His voice?*—
Aching hearts, that would fain rejoice,—
Doubting hearts, that have missed the way,—
Weary hearts, that have none to stay,—
Restless hearts, that have found no peace,—
Prisoned hearts, that have sought release?
Hear His Voice, that is sweet and low,
Sound through the waves as they dash and flow,

Calling each name in tender tone,
That none may walk by the sea alone.

Down by the sea, are they growing strong?
Brave for duty, and glad for song?
Learning to breathe with larger breath,
Earnest for life, and fearless for death?
Drinking elixir for flesh and soul,
From the never-tiring billows' roll?
Reading of faith and truth and grace,
In the old, old ocean's changeless face?

Down by the sea,— by the boundless sea —
Spread for immortals, oh, can it be
That any should live a vain, weak life,
Narrow, and vexing, and full of strife?
That any should bear a soul so low,
Warped by envy and pride and show?
That any should drop his kingly crown,
Stooping to grasp at a day's renown?
That any should miss the poem rare
Sung by the sea and sky and air,
Shutting his heart to the truths sublime
Which never change with fashion or time?

Down by the sea, as the days go by,
Countless souls that can never die;—
Great humanity's thirsting heart
Seeking its draught in the world's hard mart;
Life-fevered pulse, and throbbing brain;
Hands that are balancing loss and gain;
Feet that must one day stand on the shore
And turn from the waves, oh, nevermore!
What do they learn, as the days go by,
Brightened by ocean and earth and sky?

What do they learn? — Oh, Master dear,
Speak to the "multitude" gathered here!
Teach them how great their need will be,
Of Him who once crossed o'er the troubled sea,
And stood on the shores of Galilee.

EMPTY SHRINES.

All in the golden morn, we reared them high,
And placed thereon our souls' ideal ones;
And all the dewy air and glitt'ring suns

Fell softly downward from the happy sky,
And swept them clear of shadows passing by.
At noon, we veiled our faces, as do nuns,
To keep that peace, which sight familiar shuns.
And now, at evening, calmly we descry
Our empty shrines, white gleaming through the dark;
Nor face, nor form, our homage to receive!
Ah! silent monuments, that point above!
Our day has faded; but the sign we mark.
That none are perfect here, we will not grieve;
Since God is there, complete in life and love!

"NEVER TO OPEN AGAIN."

THE PASSION FLOWER.

"It endures but for a brief time; in the morning it opens, and at night it begins to close, never to open again."

Dear heart, may I say you the lesson
I learned from this beautiful flower,—
This wonderful flower of mine,—

Which blossomed before me this morning
All fresh in its sweetness and power,
To fade with the day's decline?
So radiant with beauty and vigor *then;*—
Now fading,—"never to open again!"

Are there not, dear heart,—ah! so many,
Sweet flowers that bloom on our way,—
On this common way we go,—
Which open so fair in the morning,
And fade with the close of the day,
Whose fragrance we never know?
We miss them:—we toil and strive among men;—
They're closing,—"*never to open again!*"

* * * * * *

There are hands that wait for our clasping
Held out in the morn of the day,—
Of the day that seems so long,—
But we hasten not ours to reach them,—
So careless, so sure of their stay;
Oh, negligent ones and wrong!

Too late! — the night comes and the dear
hands then
Are closed,— not to open on earth again!

There are books that wait for our reading
Spread out in the fresh early morn,—
The morn with a light so fair;
But we stay not to turn their pages,
Nor find the rich things that adorn,
Oh, volumes so sweet and rare!
Laid open one day for the eyes of men,—
Then closing,—"never to open again!"

There are doors that wait for our entrance,
Wide opened to us in the day,—
In the day that will not last;—
But we linger without, so careless,
We wander along on the way —
And the golden hour is past!
'Tis night! — there are lights within; — but
ah, then,
The doors close,— "never to open again!"

There are "pearly gates" standing open;—
And now there is time!— *it is day!*—
The day with a hope so bright.
Oh, may we not miss, too, this glory,
By going our own feeble way,
Forgetting the coming night!
There is waiting One at the gates;— ah, when
He closes, they never open again!

* * * * * *

Dear heart, it is sad to go missing
Such sweetness and joy by the way,—
The way that has many flowers!
Let us seek out the lowliest blossom,
And gather some fragrance each day
In the early morning hours.
For the fairest flowers God unfolds to men
Soon close,— not to open on earth again!

Dear heart, shall we pass by the fairest,
The sweetest, most wonderful flower,—
The pure white flower for the soul?

It opens so fair in the morning;
In fullness of perfume and power,
Its beautiful leaves unroll! —
But the night is coming; — ah, then, — ah,
then, —
For us *it will never open again!*

*AT REST.**

APRIL 19TH, 1865.

All is done!
The earnest, active life is over now,
And rest has come at last to that brave heart
And those untiring hands! Nothing on
earth —
Not war nor peace, nor deeds of cruel foes,
Nor kindly words of friends — can move
him now!

The ever ready ear is closed alike
To all complaints and all entreaties; — none
Of all a nation's cries can reach him more.

*President Lincoln.

Oh! people, we must learn hereby to call
More oft on our high Friend — yea, even on Him
Whose hand hath stricken down our country's head.

The lips whose plain and gentle words so long
Have sounded calmly 'mid the nation's noise
And tumult, now are silent; — nevermore
To counsel, comfort or command!
Oh, people, we must learn to hear God's voice,
That speaks more wise and tender than we know,
Because we miss it so amid the sounds
Of earth!

The strong and steady hand that held
Our country's cause so carefully, so true,—
The hand unstained with deed of shame or hate,
Is cold and pulseless now, and will not move
Ever in all our need again!

And we —
Oh! people — we must learn to reach by faith
Out through the darkness, unto God's great Hand,
That metes out joy or woe to each of us,
So wisely, tenderly and well: — the Hand
Whose touch will never fail us — never — through
All life!

The faithful heart we learned to trust —
The patient, loyal, kind, forgiving heart —
The heart that learned its faith in Jesus, there
Among the soldier-graves,— now throbs no more!
We may not lay our country's honor now
With hope and trust on that brave heart again —
It is at rest; — The vexing cares of earth
Shall trouble it no more! — Oh! people, we,
On whom the trial falls, must learn to trust
More firmly in th' Eternal Heart, whose love

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Is oft unknown, unfelt by us, because
We cling so fondly to these human ones!

On this sweet April day, the silent form
Of our brave President is carried out
To rest beneath the sod.

The birds sing on,
The grass blooms fair; the sunshine is undimmed;
The *man* we loved is gone! — *but God, our God,*
Reigns still!

*BE NOT WEARY.**

2 Thess. iii: 13.

Be not weary! look, dear brethren,
See the fields already white!
Soon the harvest's Lord appeareth,
And our last day's labour neareth,—
"No man worketh when 'tis night."

*For S. S. teachers.

Be not weary! countless treasures
  Yet ungathered 'round us lie;—
Gems to be re-set for heaven,
Unto us the work is given,
  Dare we slight, or pass it by?

Be not weary! though our labour
  Seemeth oft to be in vain,
God alone the increase giveth;
He our feeblest work receiveth,
  And his smile shall be our gain.

Be not weary! Count no labour
  Toilsome, done for Jesus' sake;
Time, strength, talents, all be given,
Winning children's souls to heaven,—
  This our blessed life-work make!

Be not weary! Life is flitting,
  Soon our season will be o'er;
Shall we meet no souls in heaven,
Which unto our prayers were given?
  No fruits gathered on that shore?

Be not weary! live, oh teacher,
Near to God, our fount of strength!
So His grace shall fail us never,
And our lights burn brightly ever,
Till He call us home at length.

"*SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.*"

(Psalm cvii: 30.)

"*So!*"— through storms and darkness,
Through great waters deep,
Through the cloud whose black embraces
Hidden sunbeams keep;
So, He brings his chosen there
To the Haven safe and fair!

"*So!*"—through fierce winds blowing,
Through rough desert ways,
Through long nights whose dreary darkness
Reaches o'er the days;
So, He brings them Home at last,
Safe from every stormy blast!

"*So!*"— through cares and trials,
Through temptations strong,
Through dead hopes, whose joyous blossoms
Have been waited long;
So, He brings His chosen home,
Nevermore to sadly roam!

"*So!*"— by tears and longings,
By the spirit's strife,
By the hands outreaching vainly
Toward this empty life;
So, He brings them home to share
In His perfect "fullness" there!

"*So!*"— by small, slow footsteps,
By the daily cross,
By the heart's unspoken yearning,
By its grief and loss;
So, He brings them home to rest
With the victors, crowned and blest!

"*So!*"— by scattered ruins,
By sweet links unbound,
By fair blossoms all unheeded,
Trampled on the ground;

So, He brings them home to Him,
Where no cloud their joy can dim!

"*So!*"— oh weary pilgrim,
'Tis the Master's way,
And it leadeth surely, surely,
Unto endless day!
Doubt not — fear not — gladly go;
He will bring thee heavenward *so!*

"*HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE.*"

O heart grown weary of this endless strife,
Fainting beneath the trials of this life,
Look up from toils and fears; O look above,
And see, His banner over thee is love!

Through fiercest conflict, in the darkest hour,
Through the thick battle smoke and fiery shower,
Through *all* — we, looking up, may gladly prove
That still His banner over us is love.

When sandy deserts tire our trembling feet;
When cooling springs we, thirsting, long to
greet,
How cheering is the thought that still
above,
His banner floating over us is love.

Its glittering folds illumine all the way;
It is our light by night, our shade by day;
No foe can tempt us from the path to move,
For still His banner over us is love.

We need not falter in the trying hour
When enemies seem gaining greater power;
For through the clouds, still waving far
above,
We see His banner over us is love.

O soldier of the Cross, what need of fear,
What need to weary of the conflict here?
We know that naught His faithful ones can
move,
We know His banner over us is love.

*ANOTHER ANSWER.**

"AND WHITHER I GO YE KNOW; AND THE WAY YE KNOW."

Ah, yes, *we know,* dear child! for He who
gave us life and breath,
Draws near, unseen, and lights for us "this
mystery of death."
And in our hearts His healing love falls
softly o'er the pain;
We know that Christ, His only Son, once
died and rose again!

We know that the dear *soul — the life —*
which left this still, cold form

*To Walt Whitman.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding, "We don't either."

Went out to God and waits us there, all loving, glad and warm.
We lay the empty form away and cover it with flowers
Thanking the Lord, amid our tears, that such sure hope is ours.

We know the way — the " Father's House," where " many mansions " are;
We know in whom we have believed — the " Bright and Morning Star,"
Who guides us through life's mystery, " as deep as death can be,"
And lights the smile on dying lips from joyful souls set free.

We know they cannot come to us, the dear ones whom we miss;
Not even come to speak to us, one moment, of their bliss;
But we shall go to them some day, through the same gate of death,
And solve our life's long mystery in one immortal breath.

We know that our Redeemer lives; that we
shall be "like Him."
We reach and find Him through our pain,
although our eyes are dim;
All things are known since *He* is known
who took from death its sting;
Who out of these "two mysteries" can
such completeness bring.

OUR BISHOP.

THE RIGHT REV. W. H. ODENHEIMER, D. D.,
BISHOP OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

"Defend, O Lord —" In reverent grief bow
low
A throng of heads at thought of those pale
hands,
Whose touch of blessing down life's heated
sands
Still lingers freshly; and the lips that so
Have said their last for human souls below
Of pleading prayer!
In silent, solemn bands,

A mourning Church around this shepherd
stands;
And men of strength and little children
show
By common sorrow what a power was here!
God's gentleness had made him great, and
they
Who in deep counsel sought his aid and
cheer
Found not more comfort than the child from
play,
Who laid her hand in his whom we revere.
Weep, for a royal soul has passed away!

HUMILITY.

A footprint on the barren, wave-washed
shore;
A gentle voice amid the world's loud roar;
A plant which blossoms at the mountain's
base;
A sweet, low breath that comes with gentle
grace.

A grateful shade upon the highway glare;
A smile that lights the way with radiance rare;
A stream that sparkles, low, among the grass;
To bless the thirsty human lips that pass.

A hand that reaches up to touch God's own;
That reaches down to help the lost and lone;
A look that comprehends the whole wide race,
And shuts out only self from its sweet grace.

A something, to all others fair and bright;
A nothing, to itself by day or night;
An image of the King who left His throne,
To make the lowliest human life His own!

WHAT WE MISS.

Were all the golden grains in life's full glass,—
(The swift, small grains, that drop unheeded by)—

Soft gleams of blue across our daily sky,
And glimpses of pure souls that near us pass,
And words that strike, (when many sounds harass)
Clear truth, like music, answ'ring to our cry,—
And sweet, calm loves we take and ask not why; —
Were these all gathered, glitt'ring, from the mass,
And threaded, jewel-like, that we might wear
The glory 'round us,— ever in our sight,
What wondrous riches would we count our own!
With what glad hearts would keep the treasure rare!
Ah, poor indeed, who miss such warmth and light,
Seeking beyond, for larger joys unknown!

JUST BEYOND.

Weary life we live below;
Shadows dim the sunlight so!
There's a Home of endless rest
Waiting for the ransomed blest.
Just beyond.

Rough and toilsome is the way;
Care and trial round us stay.
There the streets are purest gold;
Gates of pearl we shall behold,
Just beyond.

Desert thirst oppresses here,
Yearning for a better sphere.
There the crystal waters flow;
Precious "fullness" we shall know,
Just beyond.

Brightest hours are fleetest here;
Darkness falleth chill and drear,
There shall never come a night
In that Land of glorious light,
Just beyond.

Death will meet us here below;
Through "dark waters" we must go.
Soon our anguish will be o'er;
Jesus standeth on the shore,
Just beyond.

BLUE SKY.

A little patch of blue
Among the cold gray clouds;
A little ray of sunlight
Through the dim mist that shrouds —
O life! take up the view,
And know it is thine own;
How fitting is the emblem
This stormy sky hath shown!

A little patch of blue
Among the clouds of life;
A little hour for resting
Amid the weary strife;
A fleeting thought of joy
Amid our sadness here;
A little cause for smiling
Amid full many a tear.

A little ray of love
Into a longing heart;
A little touch of romance
Amid life's sterner part;
A few bright wayside flowers
To hide the wounding thorns;
A breath of sweet affection
To cheer the heart that mourns.

A little clasp of hand
While on the rugged way;
A little word of cheering
To light a weary day;
A little dream of bliss
To gladden lonely hours;
A little time to linger
In friendship's sunny bowers.

A little beam of hope
To light the darkness round;
A tone of passing music
Amid earth's harsher sound;
A feeble spark of faith
In a Redeemer's love,

Giving at last an entrance
Into a Home above.

"THE SUMMER IS DEAD."

"Dead," do you say? Can this be death indeed,
Which steps so lightly none can mark the track?
Which takes the best, and none detect a lack?
This, *death,* against which, souls in anguish plead?
The dull-eared list'ner to our human need?
Why, here is sunlight, flashing warmly back
Across the way he passed! No flow'r is slack
To bloom! and gayly smiles the meadow-weed!
Did God send *such* a death,—a *death-in-life,*
(Where *life* o'ermasters strongly) so to teach

Our trembling hearts, thro' all this weary strife,
Hope of that Endless Summer we shall reach? —
Oh, feet, tread royally o'er fields still green!
Heaven's bliss is pictured dimly, yet, I ween!

BUD AND BLOSSOM.

The summer bloom is over
The night falls soon — too soon,
And chill is the light of the moon.
Oh, where is the sweetness I thought to discover
From buds that were fair in June —
In June?

The autumn wind is sighing:
Ended too soon — too soon —
The song-bird's summer tune!
And where are the voices that whispered, replying,
So soft on the breath of June?
Ah, June!

THE SINGER'S HOUR.

"Sing to me, now, O Poet! make me a royal song!
These are the days for music — golden and glad and long.
Sing, in the rich, rare summer, with all the earth in tune,
Bright with the blossomed glory that sprang from the heart of June."

"Ah, but I may not sing it! There is no word nor tone!
Full in the flood of glory, I, with my heart alone,
Breathe in the joy and blessing, stand in a hushed delight;
Words I would speak to tell it fall soulless from such a height."

"*Now* do you sing, O Poet? *now,* when the land is drear,
Dark with the gloom of winter, barren of warmth and cheer?

Sing to me *now?* O Poet, whence is this
music rare,
Deep with the depth of sadness, yet sweet
as the summer air?"

"Ah, 'tis *remembered* sweetness giveth the
song to sing!
Out of the depth of winter hearts may re-
call the spring.
Melodies struck in darkness, reaching the
soul's high tune,
Burn from the spark of glory that shone in
some far-off June!"

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Oh, the changes will follow the years as
they go,
And shadows must mingle with sunlight, we
know;
The flowers we gather will wither at last,
The songs we are singing be lost in the past;
Some links must be broken in life's golden
chain

And bells that rang sweetly may not ring
again!
Yet why need we mourn, looking back o'er
the way,
When forth in the future such brightness
may stay?
For all of our losses comes something to
gain,
And pleasure close follows the footsteps of
pain.

Oh, the river that floweth forever the same
May follow one channel, and bear the one
name;
But the flowers on its margin, the trees and
the grass,
Forever must change with the seasons that
pass.
And thus our affection — the stream of the
soul —
Right onward, forever, unchanging shall
roll,
Though that which hath blossomed once fair
by its side

May sink away slowly with time's ebbing
tide.
Oh! why need we sorrow for joys that are
gone,
While the life-giving river forever flows on?

LEAFLESS BRANCHES.

The tree was all leafless and bare,
Its beauty had fallen away;
Yet a little brown bird sat cheerfully there,
And it sang, through the chill of the gray
autumn air,
Such a beautiful, tender lay!
Oh, little brown bird, are there none —
No branches left leafy and green —
That you come with your song, when sum-
mer is done,
To a tree that stands barren, untouched by
the sun,
Not a trace of its glory seen?

The wind through the branches swept cold,
Beneath them the withered leaves lay,

And the little brown bird, whose summer
was told,
Sat and sang, in the wreck of its green,
shady fold,
Such a beautiful, tender lay!
Oh, little brown bird, did you come
To speak for the Master on high? —
To rebuke His poor child, whose sorrow is
dumb,
Who can raise Him no note in the joyous
earth-hum,
But is questioning, sadly, "Why?"

My beautiful branches were bare!
Their green leaves had fallen away;
But I looked up and smiled, through my
dark despair,
At the little brown bird who sat singing me,
there,
Such a beautiful, tender lay.
Oh, little brown bird, sing your song,
But sing it alone nevermore;
For the heart you have wakened from si-
lence long,

In the bare, leafless branches, shall trust and
be strong,
And shall sing, though its summer be o'er!

ENOUGH.

Dost thou need sunshine, heart?
Art weary of this cloudy, shadowed life—
Of all this dark, unsatisfying strife?
There *is* a sunny part,
Where light and joy undimmed forever
shine;
And Jesus says, poor heart, it may be thine.

Dost thou need rest, my heart?
Art thou so tired with care and toil and woe,
And longing one unbroken peace to know?
There is a quiet part—
A place where thou mayst go put off thy
care—
A blessed rest, which Jesus bids thee share.

Dost thou need love, O heart?
Hast thou found all thy dear ones false and
weak?

One pure, unchanged affection dost thou seek?
There is a loving part;
And thou mayst give out all thy sweetness there,
To meet the love of Jesus, rich and rare.

Dost thou need trust, my heart?
Are all things faithless in this world below?
And dost thou long some truer thing to know?
There is a faithful part—
A hope which never fails, held out to thee—
A trust in Jesus, whence all fears may flee.

Dost thou need joy, my heart?
Is sadness drooping o'er thy earthly way?
And doth the night seem to o'er-reach the day?
There is a joyful part—
A place of bliss, where sorrow never lives—
An "everlasting joy," which Jesus gives.

Dost thou need much, poor heart?
Art ever yearning, yet art never filled?
Hath earth thy weary longings never stilled?
Oh! seek that "better part."
All fullness dwells in Him who once hath died.
Go, heart, to Jesus — and be satisfied.

"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

As all around me — from the least flower face
That lifts itself to greet the Autumn air,
To the far hills, that shine serene and fair
Through haze of amethyst — I miss some grace,
Some subtle charm, swift vanished from its place
Upon the last warm breath of Summer; bare
Of all I thought to garner, rich and rare,
With empty hands, where June has left no trace,

I stand and wonder, if, beyond all this,—
In that eternal Land's unclouded light,
The fadeless summer grows for us more dear
By ev'ry day's deep joys that now we miss;
If there the glory shows more wondrous bright,
For all the beauty that escapes us here.

OUR HOPE.

If, in the depth of winter, one should lose
The hope of spring — forget the voice of bird;
If, back of chilling winds, no joy deferred
Lay sleeping till the Master-touch shall choose;
If, in the whiteness, none might sit to muse
On warmth and color, till the blood was stirred
And all the waiting life took up the word
And sang in joyful hope; if, dimly, views
Of earth in rainbow garb came not to bless

Tired eyes with patience set to look across
The barren fields: what worth in anything?
What end toward which our eager souls might press?
Ah, wait! and count thy waiting never loss;
God's plan of Life lies folded in the Spring!

A WINTER GARDEN.

With slow, still steps the winter has come down
My garden paths, and taken one by one
Bright leaves and flowers, 'till the calm, far sun
Shines patient through the dreary gray and brown
Revealing naught of all that scented crown
Which summer wore triumphant. Bloom is done;
Save in one lowly spot, where surely none
Would look, through frost, to find such brave renown.
White-blossomed there, a single plant, unharmed,

Breathes life and sweetness on the barren air.
Oh, royal flower of Faith! Be glad, my soul,
And sing adown the garden-walks, disarmed
Of all thy loss, since one yet blooms so fair
With God's spring-promise on its leafy scroll!

ALL SAINTS DAY.

(Rev. xvi: 13.)

Blessed are they who stand beyond the River,
Among the "multitude" before the Throne;
They who have left all care and pain forever,
Whose eyes are dimmed with earthly weeping never;
Whose glad "new song" is of the Lamb alone.

Blessed are they who wear the robes of whiteness,
Serene, and pure from every earthly stain,

Who walk before the Lord in calm uprightness,
Catching the glow of heaven's royal brightness,
And find how all earth-loss hath wrought them gain.

Blessed are they whose earthly life is over;
Whose hands from ours the loving Lord hath drawn;
Whose graves, to-day, with flowers we gently cover,
Feeling their happy spirits near us hover,
And seeing faint, afar, the heavenly dawn.

Blessed are they, so near our earthly keeping,
And yet so far from all our earthly woe;
Who, just beyond the toiling and the weeping,
Beyond the little waking and the sleeping,
Joy in the better life we wait to know.

ADVENT.

Softly He cometh,
This King.
No sound on the mountains afar;
No herald, save one silent star;
Nor highway with triumph to ring!

Lowly He cometh,
This King.
No robes of bright purple and gold;
No pageantry royal and bold;
Nor banner its glory to fling!

Meekly He cometh,
This King.
To sit in our earth-shade of woe;
To wear our humanity, so
That souls in their son-ship may sing!

* * * * * *

Quickly He cometh,
This King.
Lord, even so! — longing we wait

Outside of the pearl-builded gate,
Outside of the glory so great,—
Till Thou our glad welcome shalt bring;
Thou — Brother, and Saviour,
And King!

ADVENT.

What if He come at the dawning!
When the mists hang white and still
Over field and valley and hill;
When no little bird sings from its nest;
And the world He loved is at rest.

What if He come at the noonday!
When the pulse of life beats high,
'Neath the fervor of sunlit sky;
When the echoes of hurrying feet
Ring ceaseless on court and street.

What if He come at the nightfall!
When the skies are gray and cold;
And the story of day is told.
When the heart of the world throbs low,
For the joys that are swift to go.

What if He come,— even "quickly!"
Shall the waiting Church,— His Bride,
Stand joyful and pure at His side;
Full of works that have left no stain
On her robes made white through pain?

DECEMBER.

Old Year, stand close, and listen!
We have something to confess.
You are leaving us forever,
And our hearts can do no less!
Let us whisper you our sorrow,
All our longing and regret;
We might have loved you better;—
Oh, that we could do it yet!
But, Old Year, you are dying!
And we see you through our tears.
God give you place and honor
In His fair, *Eternal* Years!

IN WINTER.

Within a palace grand and white,
Day after day I sit and wait.

The walls are crystal, royal-bright,
And diamond points of wondrous light
  Adorn the close-barred gate.

I sit and wait — the shining walls
  No prison for my hope can make.
Afar, I know, the footstep falls
Of the King's messenger, who calls
  The crystal bars to break.

I know, some morning, I shall rise
  To find the icy gate unbarred;
To see a new light in the skies,
And, where my ruined palace lies,
  The ground with flow'rets starred.

Perchance, just there, beside the gate,
  Whose diamond light shall chill no more,
A little robin, with his mate,
Will tell the message sweet and great;
  Aye, sing it o'er and o'er.

For well I know the King will send
  This message to make joy more deep;

That death in life may sweetly blend;
All faith in glad fruition end;
That they shall wake who sleep.

I sit within, and smile to know
How surely, surely it will be!
How, underneath the still, white snow,
The gentle brooklets wait to flow,
And flowers to bloom, for me!

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

We are tired of the weary warfare;
The daily cares that annoy;
But the one true thing that is left us
Is the dear old Christmas joy.

So we lay aside all our trouble,
The cares that we cannot name;
And rest us, awhile, in the gladness
That ever has been the same.

The same old remembrance and giving,
Always so sweet in the end;
Ever since the great Master-giver
Came down to be King and Friend.

The same fragrant odor of cedar,
Of hemlock, holly and pine;
Which only grows fresher and sweeter
With mem'ries that years entwine!

The same "Merry Christmas" resounding,
The same old story again,
As sweet as when told to the shepherds,
Of "peace and good-will to men."

The same gladsome chime of the church-bells,
The same old carols and cheer;
The same weary world that is smiling
As the Christmas-tide draws near.

And we turn aside from our trouble,
From all the cares that annoy;
To rest us, awhile, in the brightness
Of the dear old Christmas joy!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The world lay silent, sleeping in its sin;
Its pulse of hope beat weariful and low.

Would that new life it longed for, e'er be-
gin?
Where was that Saviour, promised long
ago?
Along the starry sky,
The answer throbbed its way,—
"All glory be to God on High!
For Christ is born to-day!"

"This day? this day? Is all our waiting
done?
And shall we watch and wonder, now, no
more?
Hath He, 'Messias,' come,— the Perfect
One?
The King, whose Voice proclaims our
bondage o'er?"
Through all the weary earth
The answer breathed its way,—
Proclaiming sweet, that wondrous
Birth,
"The Christ is born to-day!"

Across the grassy slopes, the lowly feet
Of shepherds pressed, to seek that Saviour King.
Are there no pageants, then,— no pomp, to greet
This Lord, whose reign such bounteous joy shall bring?
And lo! an Angel throng,
In glorious array,
Reply with burst of wondrous song,—
"The Christ is born to-day!"

All humbly cradled,— as a Child of earth —
In lowly garb, an Infant sleeps in peace.
Can this be Israel's King? — this He, whose Birth
Shall break each chain, and bring our souls release!
Earth's myriad voices swell
In one responsive lay —
"Lo, this is He! — EMMANUEL!
Our Saviour — born to-day."

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

In the fields, the shepherds, watching, long ago, their
Flocks by night,
Saw a sudden glory shining 'round about them,
Wondrous bright.

II.

In this new and marvelous glory, how the starlight
Seemed to fade!
And the silent shepherds watched it, trembling; —"they were
Sore afraid."

III.

Lo! an angel in the brightness! messenger from
God on high!

Shall the still, dark earth be wakened by a blessing
From the sky?

IV.

"Fear not!" said the herald angel; "tidings of great
Joy I bring!
Unto you is born a Saviour,— JESUS CHRIST, the
Lost world's King!"

V.

Then he told them of the city where the Infant
King would be;—
Not arrayed in costly garments, with the marks of
Royalty;

VI.

Only "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a
"Manger" bare,—

Yet no earthly king has ever worn a jeweled
Crown so rare!

VII.

As the angel spake the Story to the shepherds
List'ning there,—
Hark! a "multitude" of voices fill with praise the
Shining air!

VIII.

Not *one* angel — but a "host," to sing — while darkness
Passed away,
"Glory in the highest, glory!" for The Saviour
Born that day!

IX.

When the angel-song was ended, and the shepherds
Were alone,

Did they linger, whisp'ring, wond'ring, at the story,
Now their own?

X.

Linger,— when the LORD they needed, had been born,
A Child, on earth? —
"*Let us go,*" they said, "and find this place of high
And holy Birth!"

XI.

Going thus, they found The JESUS; — all the angel
Story true!
And that old, old Story seemeth, ev'ry Christmas,
Fresh and new.

XII.

That Dear Infant, born so lowly, is *our* Saviour
And *our* King;

And that "Glory in the highest," is our
Christmas
Song to sing!

XIII.

When we hear this wondrous Story, told
amid the
"Box and pine,"
While the Holy Place we love, is garlanded
with
Greenest vine,—

XIV.

Let *us* go, too, like the shepherds; find this
JESUS
Whom we need;
Then shall "Merry Christmas" be to us a
Festival indeed!

XV.

Then, within the dear Church portals, shall
our joy be
Made complete;

And our best gifts,— taken — given —
kneeling at the
Saviour's feet!

XVI.

He for us: — (oh, undeserving!) we for Him:
(Oh, wondrous grace!)
Till earth's Christmas days are ended, and we see Him
Face to face!

WHITE PAGES.

Oh pages white, that lie unturned
Within the New Year's silent scroll,
What record cometh to be learned,
As ye unroll?
What for the anxious heart to know?
What on the spotless white to show?

Oh pages white, will tear-drops fall
From aching, weeping, human eyes,

And leave their sorrowing stains where all
Thy beauty lies?
Marks of a grief no pen can write —
Silent tears on the spotless white?

Oh pages white, will smiles beam there,
From happy human lips that fall,
Like sunshine on the cloudless air,
Engilding all?
Traces of joy so fair, so bright,—
Sweet, glad smiles on the spotless white?

Oh pages white, will shadows fall
From disappointed human hearts,
When sweet hopes lie in ruins all,
And love departs?
Records of loneliness and blight —
Shadows dark on the spotless white?

Oh pages white, will songs be there,
For happy human lips to sing?
Glad notes, upon earth's summer-air
Sweetly to ring?
Records from voices glad and light —
Joyous songs on the spotless white?

Oh pages white, will answered prayers
Appear to waiting human eyes,
From One who carries all our cares,
And hears our cries?
Records of trust, our way to light —
Rainbow-hues on the spotless white?

Oh pages white — I do not know —
I cannot tell what may appear,
What waits my life, of joy or woe,
This coming year!
I only know *God's hand will write*
With wisdom, on the spotless white!

THE YEARS.

Silent — silent! like God's blessing on a sin-bewildered earth!

Coming — coming — with a glory and a promise at their birth!

Wondrous — wondrous, white-winged heralds, with a wordless mystery,
Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of the far-off "jasper sea."

Swiftly — swiftly — down our earth-way;
bringing treasure all unknown;
Reaching out still hands to touch us with
the radiance of a Throne!

* * * * * *

Silent —silent! going — going — out beyond our utmost reach!
Bearing with them so much sweetness scarce we knew they came to teach.

Swiftly — swiftly — while we struggle for a little less or more,
Down their tide dear footprints vanish, leaving ours upon the shore!

Calmly — calmly — while our pulses beat to ev'ry siren tune,
On their waves our sunlight trembles, and our day grows dim at noon!

Onward — onward — ending ever at God's footstool! Ah, will He
Merge these weary fragments into His serene Eternity?

A WIDE WORLD.

A wide, wide world! But a chain of gold
  Winds about it and through it all;
And the Hand above keeps a sure, strong hold,
Though *we* miss the links, and our faith grows cold,
  And our sad tears bitterly fall.

A wide, wide world! — with so many ways!
  And we scarcely may choose our own.
And they widen so, as we sadly gaze;
But the Hand above holds the chain of days,
  And no footsteps are ever lone.

A wide, wide world! — and the mists arise,
  As we lose some dear form from sight;
And we seek through the distance with aching eyes;
But the Hand above keeps its hold more wise,
  And will bring us at last to light!

A wide, wide world! — and its eager call
Bears away from us voices dear;
And the broken strings from our life-harps fall!
But the Hand above feels the thrill of all,
And will bind them more sweet and clear.

A wide, wide world! But our hearts are brave,
As we think of the chain of gold.
Though we drop the bright links in many a grave,
We are sure of the Father's hand to save,
And to bind with its firm, strong hold!

THE BEST SONG.

"Sing for me!" Love spake the word;
And the singer gladly heard,
Striking so
Sweet and low,
Thrilling notes with gentle flow.
But the song died soft away,
Like the glory of a day.

"Sing for me!" Fame lordly cried;
And the singer turned with pride;
Striking fair,
Music rare,
Far across the glowing air.
But the song fell from its height
As a star falls in the night.

"Sing for me!" the World required;
And the singer's soul was fired.
Magic sound,
Sweeping 'round,
Every human heart-spring found!
But the song was lost afar
In the great world's din and jar.

"Sing for Me!" the Master said.
And the singer bowed his head.
Waiting there,
For the rare
Kindling of the poet-air.
And the song he sang that day,
Lived, when all else died away!

CHANGED.

A few years since, the red lip smiled
With the free joyance of a child;
No care was on thy brow;
Now, woman's tender smile is there;
Less gay, less bright, and far more rare;
Deep thoughts are with thee now!

A few years since, the youthful eye
Looked blue with careless gaiety,—
Beamed only with delight;
Now, earnest things are written there,—
A woman's faith, and hope, and care;
A milder, truer light!

A few years since, the happy tone
Spoke words of mirth and bliss alone,—
Did ever but rejoice;
Now, gentler, lower it hath grown;
A woman's patient, thoughtful tone,—
An earnest, *helpful* voice!

A few years since, the girlish feet
Tripped lightly forth, new joys to greet,
Nor wearied all the day;
Now, woman's step, more firm and sure,
Walks straight, leads others, doth endure
Through every toilsome way.

A few years since, the happy heart
Knew only of life's sunny part,
And throbbed to joyous sound;
Now, woman's heart, more strong, more true,
Bears up with life's dark clouds in view,
And braves the storm around!

A few years since! Ah! never more
I'll know thee as I knew before,
In girlhood's sunny day!
Yet I would not that thou shouldst be
Aught else than now thou art to me;
God bless thee so, I pray!

"LITERARY LIFE."

AN ANSWER.

A lonely life, that walks through sun and shade,
And takes no share in all the sweetness made;
That stands on mountain-top, to catch the glow,
And misses all the warmth of valleys low!

An empty life, that gives its best of wine,
And sits athirst beneath the fruitful vine!
That spreads the feast where others join to share,
And hungers, in the midst of viands rare.

A shadowed life, that lifts the curtains high
For human souls to see the sunlit sky,
That brings the glory down from starry spheres,
And stands aside, in darkness and in tears!

A weary life — that tracks all space to find
The secret spring to every human mind;
That touches every chord with music sweet
And treads its silent path with aching feet!

LITERARY LIFE No. 2.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD, UNDER PROTEST.

Is not the star the fairest that shines on the
cold, dark night?
And is not the flower the rarest that blooms
on the barren height?

But the fire is warm on the hearthstone,
where the dear ones sit around,
And the flowers are sweet and plenty that
blossom low on the ground.

Is not the hand the strongest that climbs to
its height alone?
And is not the life the longest that the cold,
wide world will own?

But the hands of the little children clasp
warm on the ways below,

And joy sings soft, in the common life, that
the world may never know.

You think you can compass fairly the sweet,
warm household life,
And the height where men breathe, rarely,
strong words with music rife?

Ah, no! your meek bright flowers would die
on the far, cold height,
And your shining love-lit hours would pale
in the poet-night!

I choose me the cold, dark night, for the
sake of the starry power;
And I choose me the barren height, for the
hope of the one rare flower.

Your words ring out to me clear, with a
strong and helpful tone;
"Sing bravely!" Ah! yes, no fear for the
way that is sad and lone!

MY TALENT.

"Long time ago," he said, "the people praised
My work; my hand wrought readily and fair,
The sunshine quickened, and the dewy air
Breathed inspiration! sweet flow'r-cups up-raised
Dropped essence of pure thought! Red sun-sets blazed,
And thro' the glory fell a silence rare,
Throbbing with speech no human words could share!
But now, I stand here humbled and amazed,
The art forgotten,—lost! — Oh can it be
That I have forfeited the gift divine?
That He who gave, hath fault to find with me?
That *His* dear Purpose hath been lost in *mine?*
Master, I kneel me at Thy Feet, and ask
Trust me to do for Thee some smallest task!"

WAY-MARKS.

"WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?"— JOSH. IV. 21.8.

They are way-marks, to tell you the story
  Of one little life, that is planned
By the Master who sitteth in glory,
  And holdeth all power in His hand.

Only one little life, that is merely
  A speck in His beautiful earth!
Yet I know that He loveth it dearly,
  And counteth it wondrous for worth.

This one marks where my summer-time faded,
  My summer of life, in its bloom;
Where the sunlight of joy was o'ershaded,
  And blossoms lost all their perfume.

This one tells where my treasure is buried;
  My beautiful, glittering gold;
The bright, precious jewel I carried,
  That slipped from my tenderest hold.

This one shows where I paused in my singing,
My own pleasant, gay little song;
Where the joy-bells were hushed in their ringing,
And sorrow fell, silent and long.

This one tells where my pathway was broken,
My path through the beautiful green;
And all the fair visions unspoken,
Slow faded away from the scene.

Oh, the white stones that mark all my going!
That gleam through the dark of the night!
I can walk by the love they are showing,
Till faith shall be ended in sight!

For the Master who sitteth in glory,
He knoweth the path that is best;
And the way-marks that tell *you* the story,
Will lead *me* to gladness and rest!

WOMAN AND POET.

What have *I* to do with poems? — I, a
woman, glory-crowned,—
Without ivy — by these tresses falling softly
to the ground?

Can I sing them worth your hearing? I, a
woman, kept so weak
By this heart you all see beating, and this
blush upon my cheek?

Did God make me to sing poems,— I, a
woman, shrinking so
From the sun-glare on the highway, where
you men unfaltering go?

God made poets of all women! I, a woman,
this can tell;
And He listens for the poems, watching if
we sing them well.

But He gave us tender voices. I, a woman,
threw mine own

Out to reach the ear of nations,— and it
trembles in its tone!

All true women are true poets! I, a woman,
who can sing,
Weep to read my sisters' poems, by the fee-
ble rhymes I string!

Oh, my sisters, I am weary! I, a woman,
lost my way!
Let me look in at your windows, where the
little children play!

Do they hear you singing softly? I, a wom-
an, looked so high,
That I missed their little faces, bright with
color from the sky.

Oh, soft footsteps 'round the hearthstone, I,
a woman, trod the sand;
And the waves washed out the prints that
were not made at love's demand.

Oh, fair faces at the lamplight! I, a woman,
turned *my* face

Toward the stars, which never warmed me,
shining in their far, cold place!

Oh, cool palms, with healing touches! I, a
woman, hang mine down
Sadly, for they missed a forehead, grasping
at a petty crown!

Oh, sweet voices at the cradle! I, a woman,
have grown hoarse,
Singing to the far-off strangers, who, un-
soothed, kept on their course.

Oh, my sisters, you the crowned ones! I, a
woman, tell you true;
Yes, you wear the greenest ivy; sing the
sweetest poems, too!

Take my harp! — here! — I, a woman, yield
it unto you, oh, man!
Sing the poems,— sing them better,—
braver,— for I think you can!

And I kneel me at God's footstool; I, a
woman, waiting so
For the woman-glory, which I scorned for
the poet's, long ago.

HOUSEHOLD POEMS

HOUSEHOLD POEMS.

A MARRIAGE SONG.

Another new link shining in our chain of love to-day!
Another name entwining 'mid the household words we say!

Another vessel sailing from the harbor out, away!
Another Future showing fair as far as hope can stray!

Along the shining river, we have met, with smiles and tears,
To see the white sails quiver in the breeze that brings no fears.

To see the bark sail lightly out towards an unknown sea;
While all the air gleams brightly with the glories that may be.

Oh, wind and wave and weather, we have
you no boon to pray.
We only look, together, to The Hand that
leads the way.

The Hand whose touch has moulded ev'ry
link within the chain
Will keep all safe enfolded thro' the earthly
joy or pain.

The Hand that keeps in Heaven shining
links with tender care,
Will hold the chain unriven, 'till it meets,
completed, there.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

Golden threshold, leading outward to a
world so strange and wide,
And a little figure standing with a timid
baby-pride,
Looking through the sunlit Present, to a
Future all untried!

Little hands, what will they gather? Little feet, where will they go?
Are there thorns among the blossoms? Are there snares that do not show?
Oh, fair mist that hides the Future!
God's sweet blessing curtained low!

Close about the shining threshold cluster loves of riper years;
Knowing well their strength is weakness; smiling amid sudden tears;
As they watch the young life budding,—
hers the joy, and theirs the fears.

Baby-faith, reach down and *help us,* since we cannot reach to you!
Touch us with the light of Heaven that is nearer to your view;
So our love shall rest serenely in the One Love strong and true!

ONE YEAR OLD.

We think of the old, worn pathway,—
We look at the little feet,—

And our hearts grow heavy with knowing
The weariness they must meet!
Oh, weak, human hearts! that only
Can love and tremble and pray!
God guides the feet of the baby
Who is one year old to-day.

We think of the mists on our mountains,—
We look in the glad, young eyes,—
And our own grow dim with the knowledge
That tears and clouds must arise!
Oh, faithless! — the smile of our Father
Hath kindled the innocent ray; —
He lights the path for the baby
Who is one year old to-day!

We think of the flowers that have withered,—
We look at the eager hands; —
Must they, too, be reaching out vainly,
One day, on Life's barren sands?
Ah, do we forget heaven's windows
Stand open in blessing alway?

God holds the hands of the baby
  Who is one year old to-day!

We think of the cold winds blowing,—
  We look in the warm, young face,—
And we sigh for the roses blooming
  Where Winter shall find the place!
Oh, troubled hearts, God's sweet sunlight
  Shines down on the pilgrim way;
His arms are around the baby
  Who is one year old to-day!

We think,— ah, *we know,* that One wiser,
  More strong and more tender than we,
Looks down on us all,— and His mercy
  Our anchor alone can be.
Oh, Father, on Thee all the burdens,
  The fears and misgivings, we lay;—
We know Thou wilt care for our baby,
  Who is one year old to-day!

LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

Two little blue shoes there,—
  Faded and soiled and worn,

Empty and still and torn;—
What do I see so fair,
Watching them, night and morn?

Two little feet I see,
Growing too large to wear
Ever the blue shoes there;
Going with step so free
On toward the life of care!

Two little blue shoes there,—
Worn in a smooth, soft way,
Pure from a stop astray;—
What do I see so fair,
Looking at, day by day?

Two little feet I see,
Stepping from pair to pair;—
O, will *those shoes* stand there,
Pure from their paths, to be
Mates for the blue ones fair?

Two little blue shoes there,—
Never to patter more
Over the dear home floor;—

What do I see so fair,
Looking at o'er and o'er?

Two little feet I see,
Going out all alone,
Out to the way unknown,
Thinking not thorns may be
In with the soft grass grown!

Two little blue shoes there,—
Resting from all their ways,
Ended their useful days,—
What do I see so fair,
Looking with tender gaze?

Two little feet I see;—
And I look up to pray,
"When they are tired some day,
Call them, O God, to Thee!
Up on the golden way!"

THREE YEARS OLD.

Three little paces traveled, all on the grass
of life,

Pure from dust of the highway, safe from
the heat of strife; —
Oh, for the feet unwearied,— oh, for the
unknown way.—
Pause we amid our gladness, lifting our
hearts to pray!

Three little glances taken, all through the
sunlit air,
Free from the shades of sorrow, clear from
the mists of care;
Oh, for the eyes unclouded,— oh, for the
unseen way,—
Cease we amid our smiling,— bending our
lips to pray!

Three little blossoms gathered all in the
dewy morn,
Safe from the blight of noonday, free from
the wounding thorn;—
Oh, for the eager fingers,— oh, for the bar-
ren way,—
Rest we our glad embraces, folding our
hands to pray!

Three little crowns worn lightly,— all of
life-jewels rare;
Pure from the worthless metal, free from
the weight of care;—
Oh, for the brow unaching,— oh, for the
Cross-marked way,—
Cease we our proud rejoicing, bowing our
heads to pray!

Three little pages numbered, all with their
story bright,
Clear from the blot of trouble, pure from the
stain of blight;—
Oh, for the heart unknowing,— oh, for the
untold way,—
Pause we amid our singing, hushing our
tones to pray!

Three little years! — oh, heavenly, threefold
cord of Love,—
Father and Son and Spirit,— reach from the
throne above,
Wind round our darling closely,— guide her
through all the way! —

Be this the birthday gift that shall answer
us while we pray!

IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

Beautiful Heaven,— so near! so near!
Drawn in its glory around the sad home.
Mother up there,— we waiting still here; —
Only between us God's hand, that shall clear
Soon every shadow, and bid us all come!

Beautiful death! — not a doubt nor fear; —
Only God opening Heaven's bright
door; —
Mother gone in,— we waiting out here,
Counting her joys by our own every tear;
Glad, through our loss, at her gain ever-
more.

Beautiful life, that never can die! —
Fragrance God left us in taking the
flower.
"Mother,"— say sweetly the hours going
by; —

"Mother,"— our reverent hearts reply,
Feeling the name such a watchword of power.

Sing, little birds, 'round the home she has blest!
Sing, though the branches are bare of their leaves.
Mother is gone! — God has taken our best; —
Only for love, and to give her His rest;—
Sing of her joy, to each spirit that grieves!

Shine in, sweet sunlight, on "mother's room!"
Nothing is dark where her footstep has been.
Mother has gone,— but we sit in no gloom;
Death has no meaning of terror or doom,
Lit by her smile as she entered within!

Home, be cheerful and beautiful still! —
Home that shall be for "a little while."
Mother in Heaven, *our* home yet shall fill,

Teaching our spirits of God's dear will,—
God whom she met with so calm a smile.

THREE — SAFE.

THEODORE, EDITH, KATIE.

Three little journeys, ended all in the dewy morn;
Three little lives untouched by sorrow, or pain, or scorn;
Three little faces, turned where never a shade can fall;
Three little children, hand in hand, gone at the Father's call.

Three little voices, speaking to us on earth no more;
Three little playmates, smiling, safe on the sunlit shore;
Three little pair of hands, unclasped from a mother's hold;
Three little ones, that a Saviour's loving arms enfold.

Three little hearts that never shall question, or ache, or need;

Three little lambs, that Jesus himself shall
gently lead;
Three little empty places, that thrill us with
bitter pain;
Three little white souls gathered home, to
make our loss their gain.

Three little pair of feet, that run to us never-
more;
Three little rays of sunshine, lighting our
way before;
Three little treasures gone, though we kept
them with tender care;
Three little fadeless jewels, shining in
heaven's clear air.

Oh, empty hands, and hearts that ache with
a bitter loss,
Think of the little foreheads crowned,
through your new-weighted cross!
Oh, ye that sit in silent homes, with heaven
so near to view,
Think of the little children, that are waiting
there for you!



FOR THE CHILDREN.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Violet! Violet!
I wonder how you knew!
All the earth is cold and wet;
Not a tree has budded yet;
Tell me, will you? — tell me true!
Did God whisper "*Spring*" to you?

Violet! Violet!
I never should have known.
"No," I said,— "no flowers yet!"
Then, beneath the brown leaves wet,
Hiding near a mossy stone,
There I found *you* all alone!

Violet! Violet!
Do you not feel afraid?
Do you never frown or fret
At the spring-time cold and wet?
Do you *like* this quiet shade,
Where the dead brown leaves are laid?

Violet! Violet!
I wish that *I* could be
Just as free from fear and fret,
Patient through the cold and wet;
For the dear Lord sends, I see,
Spring-time *sure* to you and me.

Violet! Violet!
Lift up your little head.
Why, your pretty face is wet!
Not with tears,— you're smiling yet.
Do you know what I have said?
By your trust I will be led!

APRIL.

Oh, pretty sun of April!
Playing hide-and-seek
In and out, among the clouds,
With your face so meek!

Oh, funny skies of April!
First, you smile so bright;
Then you cry, and cry,— so hard,
'Tis a sorry sight!

Oh, lovely flowers of April!
Peeping everywhere.
Daffodils — Anemones,
And violets so fair!

Oh merry birds of April!
Building while you sing.
Robin Red Breasts, Blue Birds, Wrens —
Are you glad 'tis spring?

Oh Easter-time of April!
Time of joy and spring!
Teaching us how Christ arose
Life from death to bring!

Welcome! welcome, April!
Welcome sun and shower!
Thank the God who sends to us
Blessings every hour!

OUT IN THE COLD.

Why, Pansy! little Pansy! what a merry face you show,
Out among the withered leaves, where the cold winds blow!

What you *can* be smiling at puzzles one to tell.
Do you like to live and bloom all alone so well?
You that have no almanac! Do you not remember,
Pansy, little Pansy bright, that it is December?

Why, Pansy! little Pansy! see, the sky is dark and gray!
And I think — I'm almost *sure* — it will snow to-day.
Are you not afraid at all, staying here so long?
Ev'ry summer bird has gone, with its merry song.
Pansy, hark! how still it is! Do you not remember
All the pleasant days are gone, and it is December?

Why, Pansy! little Pansy! what a teacher you can be,

Blooming there so cheerfully, for all eyes
to see;
Showing such a happy face, on the darkest
day;
Never frowning just because sunshine will
not stay!
Pansy, little Pansy bright, help us to re-
member
We should keep our hearts a-bloom even in
December!

"DON'T GO 'WAY."

"Don't go 'way!" the pleading accents
Fell like music on the air,
And the rosy lips beseeching,
And the little hand outreaching,
Kept the boyish wanderer there.

"Don't go 'way! Stay by me, Willie!"
And the little hurrying feet
Trembled with the eager pleasure,
Striving steps like his to measure,
So his helping hand to meet.

"Don't go 'way!" she needs you, brother,
Gently guide her steps to-day;
By-and-bye when you are weary,
And life's pathway seemeth dreary,
You will need *her* —"don't go 'way!"

"Don't go 'way!" O, brothers! brothers!
Many a tender voice to-day
Calls to you, in accents pleading,
'Mid the great world-sounds you're heeding,
Gently, sadly, "don't go 'way!"

"Don't go 'way" from that home fireside,
Where a sister smiles for you,
To the haunts where ruin lingers,
Beauty — robed by sin's false fingers;
Stay where joy is pure and true!

"Don't go 'way" from that old pathway
You and she together trod,
Hand in hand in childhood's hours,
Reading on all trees and flowers,
Trustingly the name of God.

"Don't go 'way" from those sweet lessons
Learned with her in early days!
Keep the precious truth unclouded,
'Mid the dust of earth-ways crowded,
And the glare of earthly rays.

"Don't go 'way!"— turn back, O, brother!
Hear the gentle accents pray,
With the childish love unaltered,
And the hope that ne'er has faltered,
Sweetly, sadly,—"don't go 'way!"

OLD YEAR AND NEW YEAR.

Good-bye, Old Year! I'm sorry
To have you leave me so!
I have not been quite good to you;
Not good at all, I know!

The Dear Lord gave you to me,
All bright and clean and pure;
I did not *mean* to blacken you,
And spoil you so, I'm sure!

I wish that I could take you
Right back again, and try

To keep you white and good, as when
  God sent you, from on high!

But ah, old year, I cannot!
  You've gone away from me!
Not any day or hour of yours,
  Forever shall I see!

Oh, New Year, white and precious,
  I am almost afraid
To look at you, because of all
  The old mistakes I've made!

Dear Father, Who hast sent me
  This New Year clean and white,
Help me to spend each hour of it
  As in Thy Holy Sight!

ONE LITTLE LIFE.

Bright little Dandelion!
  Downy yellow-face!
Peeping up among the grass
  With such a gentle grace.

Minding not the April winds
  Blowing rude and cold,
Brave little Dandelion,
  With a heart of gold!

Meek little Dandelion!
  Changing into "curls,"
At the magic touch of these
  Merry boys and girls.
When they pinch your dainty throat,
  Strip your dress of green,
On your soft and gentle face
  Not a cloud is seen!

Poor little Dandelion!
  All gone to seed!
Scattered roughly by the wind,
  Like a common weed!
You have lived your little life,
  Smiling every day;
Who could do a better thing,
  In a better way?

HE KNEW.

I saw a little Robin
  Hop about — hop about!
The earth was dark and dreary,
  And the sun was not out!

I said —" oh little Robin,
  It is cold! and 'tis drear!"
But he chirped me his answer,
  " Cheer-up! cheer! — Cheer-up! cheer!
  Spring is here! Spring is here!"

I thought that little Robin
  With his " Cheer! cheer-up! cheer!"
Had taught my heart a lesson
  That would last all the year.

I said " oh little Robin
  Sing away! sing away!
  While I hear, I'll remember,
To cheer-up, as you say,
For God reigns every day!"

UP HERE, OR DOWN THERE?

Two little sparrows were talking, one day.
I listened; and so I heard them say:
"Isn't it nice to be up here,
'Way up here?
The sky is blue, and the air is clear,
And there's nothing to fear,
Up here!"

"Yes, but the crumbs are plenty, *down there;*
'Way down there!
The boys and girls have enough and to spare;
And we can both share,
Down there!"

"See, the water is fresh and clear,
'Way up here!
No naughty little boy is near,
With us to interfere,
Up here!"

"There's plenty of grass to spare
'Way down there!
And a baby's crumbled apple to share,
Dropped without care,
Down there!"

"Let's stay and live up here!
'Way up here!"
"Let's fly through the air, down there,
Way down there!"
"Up here!"—"Down there!"
"Down there!"—"Up here!"
Oh, don't you think it was very queer,
That they couldn't settle it? — Yet, my dear,
I think we are very much like those birds!
We chatter, and chatter, with words, just words!
And we never quite know whether *here* or *there*
Is the very best place for us to share!

THE CLOVER GAME.

Red and White! White and Red!
Everywhere a nodding head!

In the sun, or in the shade,
What a merry game is played!

Red and White! White and Red!
Not the softest word is said:
Everywhere, on field and hill,
Goes the nidding-nodding still!

Red and White! White and Red!
Tell me,— when I go to bed,
Do you play this funny game,—
Nodding, nodding, still the same?

Red and White! White and Red!
Don't you wish that you could tread
Everywhere, with nimble feet,
Like the children in the street?

Red and White! White and Red!
Ah! *I* know! — Each nodding head
Answers —" Children, in our place
Let us stay with cheerful grace!"

EXT

DEC 26 1912

